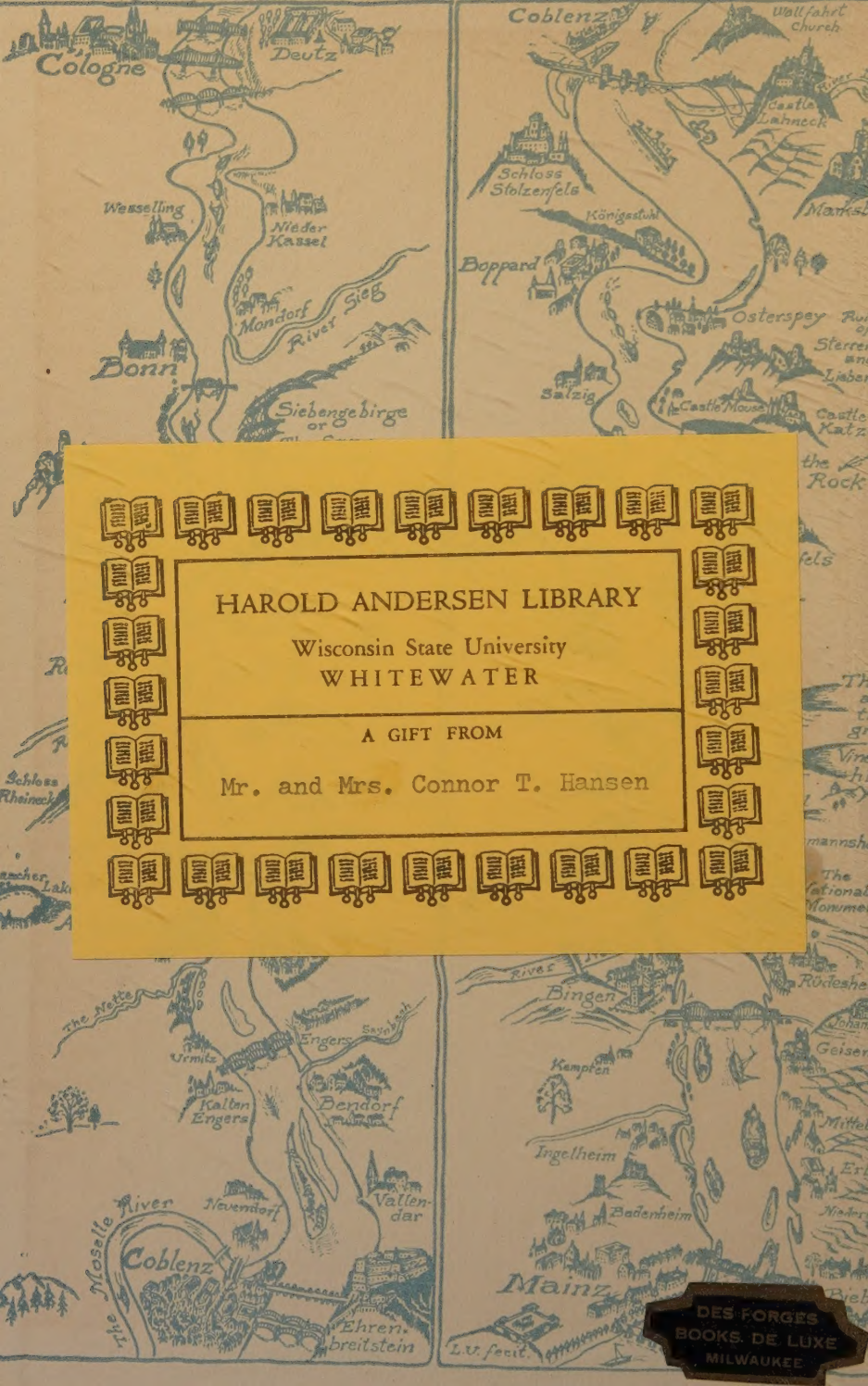

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BLUE RHINE
BLACK FOREST

BOOKS BY

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

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YESTERDAY AND TODAY
POEMS OF HEINRICH HEINE

THE GIRL MADONNA OF FREIBURG

BLUE RHINE
BLACK FOREST

A HAND- AND DAY-BOOK

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

DD
16
46

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NEW YORK

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FOR

JOHN AND JOSEPH

HOPING SOME DAY

THEY WILL USE IT

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WORDS BEFORE SETTING OUT

WORDS BEFORE SETTING OUT

EVENTUALLY you get tired of being driven about Europe by George Lunn and other Personal Conductors. "Switzerland, Italy and France in Forty Delightful Days." Moonlight on Como as described in the circular; the glacier at Grindelwald measured by Baedeker; the leaves falling at Fontainebleau on schedule, including all tips and taxes. Breakfast at Milan; steamer to Vitznau with ascent of the Rigi; especially charted balconies, giving a glorious view of sunset across the Bay of Naples; two hours to see the Jewish Quarter in Prague; dinner served in the temple of Raamses, timed, served and, seemingly, cooked by the American Express Company. ("*What's this picture?*" "*Don't you remember? That's St. Mark's, where the interpreter shortchanged us*" . . . "*Weggis? Were we there?*" "*Of course. That's where you bought those cheap lace handkerchiefs.*") After a few such innocent experiences abroad, Europe no longer seems a continent but a kaleidoscope, an Endurance Contest, a Cook's *Tour de force.*

Eventually, you decide to be responsible to neither guide nor guide-book, to stay more than a morning in a village that pleases you and less than ten days in Paris if it seems populated by Americans looking for the two

Louvres and the Galeries Lafayette. Eventually you come to Europe without the compulsion that six weeks from the date of departure, on Friday afternoon at half-past five, willy-nilly, sink or swim, survive or perish, you *must* climb the stone galleries at Chartres, reconstructing quotations from Henry Adams. You—But let me be sure I am not addressing the wrong party.

You are—as I see you—willing to leave the beaten track but not anxious to forsake it entirely. You do not want to be burdened with charts, neither do you wish to find yourself chartless. You are fond of walking, especially through woods, and (though this is not mandatory in a world of chars-à-bancs and motor-omnibuses) can carry a rucksack five or six hours a day when you get "in the interior." You look forward to a leisurely and intimate acquaintance with one section of a country rather than a hasty-pudding of many nationalities. You seek a combination of naïve color and historical associations, of scenery that is somehow friendly without being tame, of old-world villages and modern cultural achievements, of ruins and legends and loreleys and peasant customs—with (let us be frank about it) most of the comforts you do not get at home. For this you are ready to pay (exclusive of the steamer passage) an average of six dollars a day.

I know no place that fulfills these almost antithetical conditions as completely as Western and Southwestern Germany—especially the section from Cologne to Freiburg, two towns that persist in the memory after more

pretentious cities are forgotten. Such a trip would include a boat journey, a few stopovers *en route*, and a two to three weeks' tour through the Black Forest. (Hardiness and one's own inclination for tramping will determine the extent of footwork.) I am taking it for granted that we share some of the same tastes—even, perhaps, a few common (or uncommon) prejudices. The next step is obvious. I propose that we start from London, cross to Cologne, go up the Rhine, thence through the Black Forest and back. I say London since it is the logical center. Besides being the best avenue of approach, it is better to begin one's Continental vacation quietly *via* England rather than with the confusion of porters, luggage, bad French and a worse tender at Cherbourg.

If you accept me as cicerone, you will have to suffer a few words of advice before starting:

1. As first precaution, insure your baggage. In all likelihood, you will lose nothing, but the charge is so small and the sense of security so great that every traveler should arm himself with a floating policy. Lloyd's is an excellent first aid to the insured.

2. Do not overburden yourself with commodities. "Buy as you go" is a good motto and a sound principle. There is nothing which cannot be procured abroad from American shoes to scented sealing wax. Even if you must have exclusively home-grown specialties, you need not stock up with them. You will find Gillette blades in every perfume, barber and hardware-shop;

while a walk down any *Hauptstrasse* will lead you to the far-flung secrets of Elizabeth Arden, Dorothy Gray and Helena Rubinstein.

3. If you are remaining abroad more than a few months, consult your dentist. The German *Zahnarzt* is an erudite craftsman but he has his own esthetic taste and regards any mouth wasted that does not contain at least one (preferably frontal) gold tooth.

4. Do not wait until your ticket is booked to apply for your passport and visas. Governments are strangely uninterested in your last-minute plans and take their red tape with the seriousness—and speed—of a tape-worm. *N.B.* Have your passport pictures taken by a regular photographer, not by one of the ten-minute basement-bandits. They will cost a trifle more, but you will not look as if you were still serving twenty years in Siberia.

5. The exchange is not troublesome, the dollar having become the unit of value. A shilling, a mark and a quarter are, approximately, the same, except that the shilling lasts longer and the mark goes further without faring worse.

6. Although English is understood and spoken (in various weird dialects) in hotels, it is advisable to have what one might call "restaurant and railroad German" before plunging into the hinterland. A few fine phrases, while useless to parsnips, have saved many a situation and several dollars. A friend boasts that he toured triumphantly through Italy on two sentences: *Quanto*

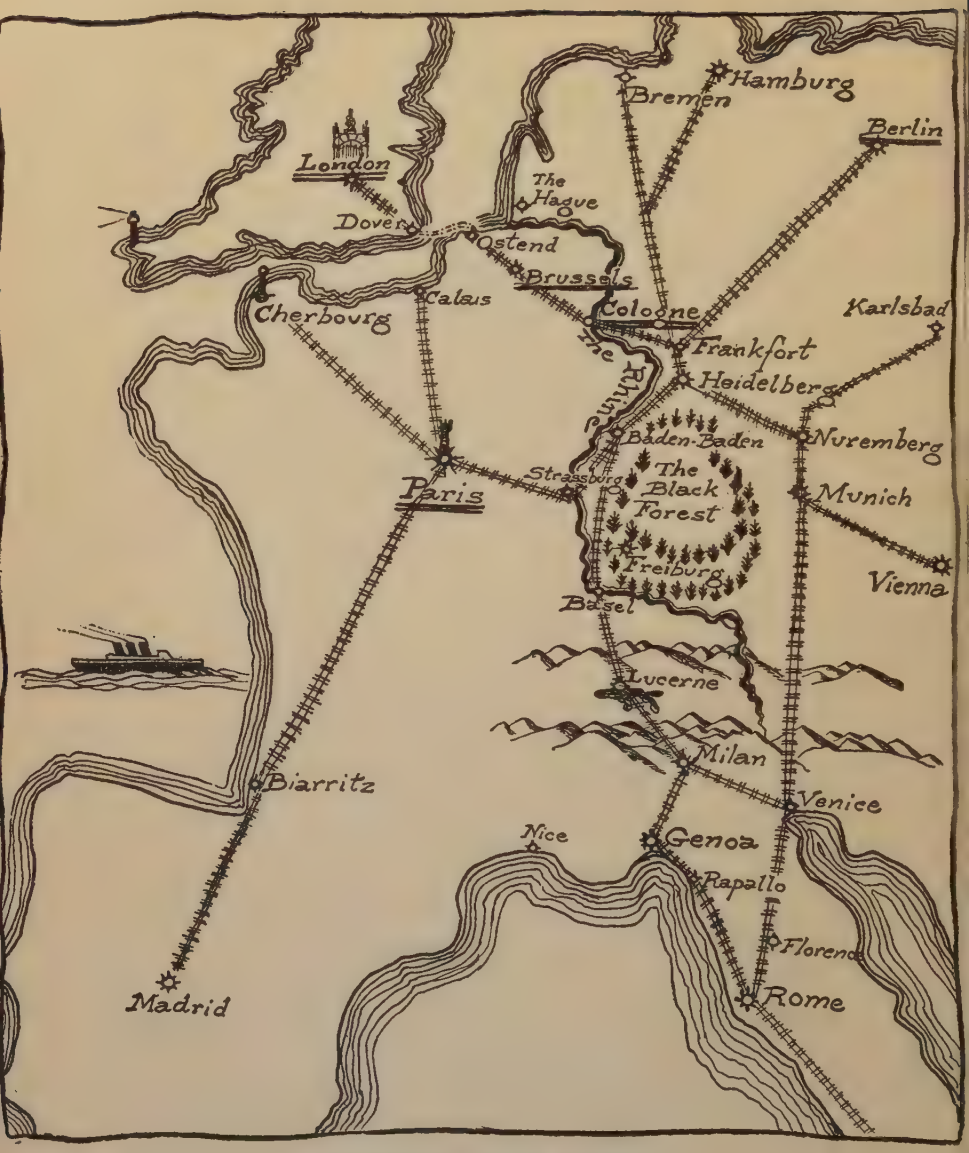
costa? ("How much?") and *Troppo caro!* ("Too dear!"). It may be equally true that all one needs in Germany is *Ein Glas Bier, Danke schön, Wo ist das Abort?* However, for those who wish to venture further and not trust themselves to so limited a set of phrases, Appendix A will furnish a casual and condensed glossary.

There are a few other matters, such as choice of steamers, cabin boats or de luxe liners, but this must be determined by your temperament and your purse. Now then, are you ready? Packed? Labeled? Embarked? Yes, the smell of a liner (that cross between a paint-shop and an upstart hotel) is queer at first, but confidence is a better protection against sea-sickness than Mothersills. The handkerchiefs wave; the tugs push the great hulk about like water-beetles propelling a whale. The moribund jokes are revived. ("Don't forget to give my love to the Queen!") The steamer-baskets, those survivals of the time when our forefathers took thirty days to cross in the steerage, continue to multiply fruit that will never be eaten. The bugle grows more peremptory. The tugs have succeeded in coaxing leviathan about, pointing it toward an invisible trail. The monster awakes, rouses itself from apathy and roars hugely through every vent. Once more it strains toward that unseen point three thousand miles away, the mind of man having determined its course to the mile, its journey to the hour. It puts out, over an inimical and unrelenting element, chancing storm and dark-

ness, out of the uncertain into the unknown. . . . The desks in the lounge are overoccupied with people sending off postal cards from Sandy Hook. "*The flowers were lovely. My steward says we're sure to have an easy crossing.*" "*Twelve miles out soon. This is the life!*" . . . Leviathan's ribs grind together, the thousand-foot sinews creak, the monstrous heart pounds—pounds—pounds . . . We are off. The Southern Colonels and their Rotarian nephews appear in the smoking-room. Crossing the bar . . . Next stop Southampton.

INTO GERMANY

LONDON : BRUSSELS : COLOGNE



BLUE RHINE—BLACK FOREST

LONDON

I LEAVE London to its experts, to the many and efficient travel bureaus, sight-seeing 'buses, pamphlets, well-meaning though usually misinformed—and misinforming—friends, embassies, ever-so-statistical guides, special (free) lectures at the British Museum, the congress of latter-day prophets at Hyde Park Corner. . . .

It is not a difficult city, but it must be seen with more than the physical eye. Vienna is a baroque and aristocratic intrigante fallen on evil days. Paris flutters a perfumed négligé, yielding every secret within a week. But London draws its gray wrapper closer, revealing itself gradually; a reticent woman, decent, even a little dowdy, but with a slow, increasing charm. A poor companion for a week-end; an unsatisfactory mistress; but a consistent and loyal wife.

The stranger need not be unduly alarmed by the proverbial reserve. London's idiom is mysterious, but its policemen are the most cultured in the world, and, since the publication of Mr. Mencken's "American Language," even a native New Yorker can get about with few mishaps. The city has a charming way of standing in league with cab-drivers and detectives (I once spent an entire day trying to discover which Bury Street—

there being four of them—belonged in which district); it is so economical in giving a name to its local habitations that it is not unusual to find, in puzzling proximity, an Eaton Square, Eaton Place, Eaton Gardens, Eaton Street, Eaton Mews, Eaton Terrace, Eaton Gate, Eaton Crescent—which makes living in that section something of an adventure.

But, unless one has lived there long enough to love it for its very contrarieties, one is not sorry to leave London. The bird of passage (habitat U. S. A.) resents climate as a substitute for weather, breathing an atmosphere which has not only the consistency of bean-soup but its taste. The persistence of fog disorders the fancy. Thickened air seems to emanate from a thousand outdoor larders, spreading abroad the soggy triumphs of last night's dinners; while the sun, absurd in flatness and color, is a slice of orange floating in cold gravy. The visitor from Those States finds acclimatization impossible. He admits his failure. He longs for frost that penetrates, for rain that is a decision and a drive, not a mere damp depression, for heat that has a purpose. "Summer in England? Last year, they had it from four to six on August tenth."

Architecturally, there is little to write home about. One notes how soot and wind have lithographed a velvet black and white on every façade of Portland stone; how Battersea Bridge continually tries to pass itself off as a Whistler nocturne; how Chelsea desperately maintains

the grandeur that was Carlyle and the glory that is Greenwich Village; how Nelson on his monument smiles at grief only a little less uncomfortably than any effigy in Central Park. Man—and especially mid-Western man—cannot live by St. Paul's and Piccadilly Circus alone. London is strange, but not quite strange enough. The past lies with its ghosts, the future with Wall Street. Standardization is vexation—worse, it is repetition reduplicated—nothing to come abroad for. The new "self-contained" apartment-house skyscraper on Park Lane (London) is a replica of the species on Park Avenue (New York), recessional style, roof-garden, radio equipment, Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all. English drama (except for a faint underground stirring in remote Hammersmith) cannot be found in England. It remains for the Moscow Art Players to present Dickens to his countrymen who much prefer the peck-sniffings of Hollywood.

The American, armed with Bone's "London Perambulator," tries again. But the Tower is only an excuse for picture postcards and Westminster Abbey an exhibition of the world's worst statuary. He concludes that what London needs is a vacuum-cleaner or another fire.

The restaurants are the last indigestible straw. True, Simpson's still upholds tradition with the roast beef of Old England and the slab of Yorkshire pudding. But Scott's has capitulated to the extent of adding clam chowder to its bill of fare, and Ridgway's, most British of tea-shops, has seduced its clientele away from scones

to baked beans and pancakes with maple syrup. *Eheu . . .*

One sighs, despairs, and takes the train from Victoria Station to Dover, the boat from Dover to Ostend (four easy hours), the express from Ostend to Brussels.

BRUSSELS

One enters the country on a triple crescendo of Bs. To the Flemish, what are Bach, Beethoven and Brahms compared to Belgium, Brabant (its chief province) and Brussels! Brussels remains the fortified show-place although its ancient fortifications are nothing more offensive than a series of boulevards girdling the town. These boulevards, pronounced by four-filed rows of trees, multiple parks and infinite number of outdoor cafés, have earned Brussels the sobriquet of "Petit Paris"—a nickname evidently coined by one who had never visited the French capital.

As a city for an extended stay, Brussels is dubious; as a place to break the journey, it is unquestionable. A mixture of Dutch atmosphere, French language and North German Lloyd architecture, it offers, at a surprisingly low rate of exchange, the best international cuisine in Europe; the much-advertised statue of Manikin-Pis to be had in a thousand ingenious souvenirs; reconstructed medieval parks; as many cheese-stores to the block as soda-shops on Broadway; open air cafés; lace-making ateliers with which every guide is

in league; the latest films from Berlin and Hollywood. And there are always the Bruegels— But of these later.

THE PORTIER

The most important institution in Brussels—as in most foreign touring centers—is the *portier*. Mark Twain dedicated a paean and an Appendix to him fifty years ago—and all that Twain wrote in japery then is substantially true today. The *portier* is not to be confused with the porter (German: *Hausdiener*, *Dienstmann*, *Gepäckträger*); the *portier* does not carry your baggage, he attends to it. He also tells you, in any language desired, the news of the day, when the museums open and the parks close, the best place to go for five o'clock tea, the present state of world-politics, the current rate of francs to the dollar, pound, and mark. He knows unpublishable scandal concerning the Prince of Wales and he has his own opinion concerning Wall Street. He will direct you to the most reputable avenues and the least reportable street-numbers. Though he is an encyclopedic philosopher, he is willing (and even demands) to buy your theater tickets, informs you what connections are made between every train and any airship, advises you which national dishes will suit your palate and which won't.

It was the tact of the *portier* at the Hotel Metropol that taught me how to eat *Asperges à la Flamande*. As an asparagus lover, I had opened my eyes at the mam-

moth white stalks, accompanied by a butter-sauce *and* a severely simple hard-boiled egg. Most of my compatriots, the *portier* confided with a shudder, either sent the egg back, saying it had not been ordered, or, worse still, ate their asparagus *au naturel*—and then attacked the egg. As any traveled person knew, he continued, the egg must be gently sliced, cross-cut and, when its portions were sufficiently reduced, pressed and prodded with a fork. Next, the melted butter was poured over the result, mixed with it and heaped in a low mound. The asparagus was now ready to be anointed, and then— The *portier's* gesture was graphic.

THE GOLD SQUARE

Brussels' outdoor masterpiece is the *Grand Place*, which is worth the trouble of two visits. It contains a dozen buildings dedicated to various medieval guilds, the *chef d'œuvre* being the Hotel de Ville (Town Hall), one of the finest structures in Western Europe. Gothic in spirit, it is Oriental in the profusion of detail and statuary. This is one of the few old squares that retains not only its buildings but its atmosphere. Every angle is a surprise. Figures multiply upon themselves; cornices strive to outdo each other; everywhere there is a paradox of struggle and solution. Machicolated roofs contest and come to terms with a flight of spires. The crafts flaunt their emblems, straining their flags in an always arrested wind. Gold mounts to the last

reach, a gold that invades the night, holding the sun out of hours and seasons.

BRUEGEL

If Brussels' outdoor splendor is the *Grand Place*, its indoor glory is the collection of Bruegels. The paintings of Pieter Bruegel (also spelled Breugel, Breughel and Brueghel) have the contradiction of rigor and riotousness of the age which produced them. It seems an incongruity that the most representative as well as the largest number of authentic Bruegels are in Vienna, but those in the Royal Museum of Brussels have the same synthesis of prodigality and intolerance, of Lutheran fervor and repressions, of heresy-hunts, old feuds, new fanaticisms and the tumult of dissensions which characterize the early sixteenth century. "The Triumph of Death," "The Massacre of the Innocents" (Vienna), "The Census-taking at Bethlehem" (Brussels) have the very atmosphere of menace in which the painter lived. It is significant that the last two (which are obviously companion pictures) though Palestinian in subject, are given the background of a Flemish village with its tones of gray winter, leaden ice, and tragic windless air. But the outstanding quality of Bruegel—the quality of gusto—will not be stifled even here. Against the distress and foreboding of the Hebrew multitudes, the painter sets an amazing counterpoint. Bruegel's joy in human activity must find an outlet. Horror

may stalk abroad, anxious Israelites (dressed as Dutch burghers) may huddle about doorways, but Bruegel supplies snow in Bethlehem so that children may skate, pull sleds, make forts, fall down slides, and pelt each other happily with snow balls.

This gusto is seen at its least restrained in Bruegel's transcriptions of peasant life. Here Bruegel comes into his heritage and, at the very height of painting, transcends painting. The technician may dwell on the intricate and seemingly shapeless composition in "Children's Games" or the way in which the plates of yellow pancakes dominate the "Wedding Feast" (both in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna), but these are the surfaces, the problems and the resources of the painter. The poet and peasant go beyond the craftsman. They combine to express, through the medium of line and color, a mélange of satire, folklore, credulity, ugliness, superstition—the rich luxuriance of life which takes every denial and lives upon it.

Examine the rich impurity of his goblin pictures and the inventive range of his Flemish proverbs. Contrast the hideous phantasmagoria of "Dulle Griet" (the woman who is so terrible that even the fiends are afraid of her) with the quiet "Proverb of the Bird-nester": "He who knows the hidden nest has wisdom; he who takes it has possession." Note the rank excess in the smallest of his paintings; observe "The Israelites and Philistines" where, in thirteen by twenty-two inches, several hundred figures are individualized and inten-

sified. Bruegel exults in man's vitality, in his labor, in his inextinguishable impulse to play, in his small absurdities and gross appetites (Bruegel's preoccupation with food shows him a true Lowlander), in the carnal health which emanates from soil. "Children's Games," "Wedding Feast," "The Combat Between Carnival and Lent," "Parable of the Blind," "Rustic Wedding," "Rustic Dance" are obviously "in character." But "The Adoration of the Magi" (in the London National Gallery) is no less rude. Bruegel has only slightly countrified his Madonna, but the faces of the onlookers (one of them with spectacles!) betray a native portraiture pushed to the limit of caricature. Joseph, a well-fed white-beard, is in his dotage; his confidante is the local scandalmonger. But it is the three kings who fare worst. Never has tradition brought royalty so low. Cupidity turns down a hypocritical mouth; smirking humility bends a crooked knee. The self-acknowledged peasants are godlike by comparison.

Nothing is static in Bruegel. Never has mere animal relish found so vivid an expression. The recorder leaves logic to the academicians; he exults in incongruities, in a bacchanalia of peasantry. His coarse revels are far removed from the boudoir pastorals of Lancret and Boucher, closer to the orgies depicted by Dostoevsky. If they lack the abandonment and general embrace of the Russians, there is something of the same frankness, a complete and childlike participation that takes in the whole earth, lavishly, drunkenly, without reservation.

Bruegel's country humor goes further. It broadens the folktale of "The Land of Cockaigne" where every prospect eases and only toil is vile. Here Bruegel has projected his Earthly Paradise. Side by side, noble, knight and thresher lie beneath a trunk which carries, instead of fruit, a generous and sloping table. The bottles are tipped at the proper angle so that wine drops gently into half-open lips. Labor being prohibited here, even a motion toward food might be considered an effort. Therefore, the egg takes legs to itself, cracks its own shell and walks invitingly toward the reclining citizens. Geese, crisply roasted, fly through the air; fork and knife are tucked under the ribs of juicy piglings. The broad leaves of a cactus-like plant prove to be jam tarts. The roof of a neighboring house is paved with pancakes. The lake of beer threatens to overflow its banks.

The engravings display a wilder, at times an almost diabolic humor. There is a direct relation between the series "The Seven Deadly Sins" and the canvas "The Fall of the Rebellious Angels" (in Brussels). Here is everything which is enigmatical, ridiculous and terrifying, vivid and obscene. The limbo is Nightmare. Hideous metamorphoses abound; everything becomes something which, according to the law of its own nature, it has no right to be. Insects of horrible proportions take on unhuman limbs; creatures, half mechanical, half embryonic, disembowel themselves; macabre fish have fingers where fingers could never grow; clam-

shells disgorge fetid and sinful shapes; a monster shaped like an evil vegetable, has the wings of a gigantic butterfly; unnamable hybrids perform indescribable functions. This is still the peasant's mind, but it is a mind no longer at peace with itself or its origins. It is the peasant in torment, riddled with fears, anathemas, preachers' maledictions, old wives' tales. It is the apotheosis of frenzy, turning upon itself in a perversity of action.

But Bruegel's canvases are not always dependent on activity *per se*. Even "The Fall of Icarus" (in Brussels) derives its force from the contrast between the inconspicuous tragedy and the fecund calm of the landscape, busy with ships and plowing, amid the huge unconcern of the day. No greater contrast can be imagined than the wild "Children's Games" and those motionless records, "Winter Landscape" and "Dark Day" in the Vienna Museum. Quiet hangs over both with an awe that is incommunicable but unmistakable. "Dark Day" is all forbidding browns and chill silence. It is a conflict in which light is forced back and darkness dominates. The peaks take no joy in this victory. Even the yellows that seep down the slopes are somber. "Winter Landscape," also called "Hunters in the Snow," for all its icy atmosphere, has more comfort, less foreboding. Serenity is not merely suggested here; it is established. These grays and whites are chill yet reassuring. Except for a note of relief, this winter epic

is colorless; it is soundless except for the few birds which

slide through the frosty air
And perch with plaintive cries.

It is tenantless, save for the silent huntsmen, the distant figures on the frozen pond, and

the inky rook
Hunched cold in ruffled wings.

In "Winter Landscape" the most riotous of painters has achieved the last whisper of repose, a finality of rest. It is Hiroshige extended to heroic amplitude, a Japanese print *in excelsis*.

More crowded but scarcely less quiet is "The Harvesters" (sometimes called "August"), one of the scattered set of "The Months," at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Here is the pause after noonday, the interval between pitch and toss, hay and harvest. The far fields, the swathes of wheat, even the bodies are sun-drenched. A green-blue background intensifies the wheat-yellow which occupies two-thirds of the picture. The canvas is painted in terms of silent heat, a heat that

. . . presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

And yet, for all its thick warmth, vitality flows through every stalk of living wheat. Compare the large original with the sentimentalized copy hung beside it.

In the copy, the human figures are merely inert, lifelessly tired. In Bruegel's canvas, the bodies are energized even in relaxation; the muscles slump actively, the exhaustion of the reclining figure (obviously snoring) is as positive as it is complete. One feels the very resistance of the bread to the knife, the thickness of clabber, the weight of the water-jugs. Even the tree has difficulty holding itself up.

It is this completion, this paradox of action in repose, of exaggeration which is more accurate than representation, that distinguishes Bruegel. Through his large creativeness flows the fecundity of life—life on every plane, banal and terrible, animal and deific, high-pitched, bawdy, ecstatic. The creative imagination rollicks through all his work, from the Flemish proverbs and the intensification of the burlesque he learnt from Hieronymus Bosch to the enormously complicated "Bearing of the Cross," from that "architectural handbook" "The Tower of Babel" to the "Children's Games" in which Bruegel has illustrated the one hundred and fifty-four kinds of play said to have been Gargantua's pastimes. Never hesitating or at a loss, sounding a great vulgarity "over the roof-tops of the world," Bruegel remains "sane and sensual—and holy to the core." A combination, in terms beyond pigment, of Tyll Eulenspiegel, Rabelais, Walt Whitman and the village gossip.

LAST OF BRUSSELS

What else in Brussels? A sight-seeing bus, if you so desire, to the place where Edith Cavell was shot; a tour which is making a tradition of the atrocities; a visit to the grottoes or the battlefields; an inspection of the Palais de Justice, which is one of the largest and quite the ugliest building of its kind, being a struggle between Graeco-Roman architecture and catch-as-catch-can. There is, as antidote, Sainte-Gudule which dates from 1220 and whose stained glass is more than a local byword. But, for the traveler's purpose, Brussels is at best a way-station and, after two days, its chief asset is the choice of trains to Cologne. The best one leaves shortly after noon, offering a good cross-section of Belgium and bringing you to your destination before supper. The landscape *en route* is pleasantly varied: long loops of river, colored geometry of vegetable gardens, an old windmill straight out of Ruysdael contrasting with a new block of community houses, the country flattening to a sea of green with, here and there, a surf of blue cabbages. A landscape uninspiring, yet not tiresome. As we approach the border, the towns seem tidier; squares are more precise, signs no longer announce themselves in three languages. At Aachen, the platform is curiously divided. Trays of beer, pretzels, *Schinkenbrötchen* appear at the further end. The atmosphere is personal, no longer vague and detached. "*Was darf es sein . . .* ?" Germany.

COLOGNE

THE GUIDE-BOOKS will tell you that Cologne (German *Köln*) was founded by the Ubii shortly before the Christian era, that, to honor Agrippina, the wife of Emperor Claudius, it became *Colonia Claudia Aea Agrippinensis* in 51 A.D., that it was shortened to Colonia in the fifth century. Further research will lead to the more obscure origins of Eau de Cologne (*Kölnisches Wasser*), which was compounded by Johann Maria Farina in 1709, and an examination of the records will disclose the very oils and spirits employed by that pharmacist, thus destroying the pleasant myths that the famous toilet water was discovered by the first settlers as it gushed from the ground, that the stream issued from the spot on which the Cathedral now stands, and that its volatile properties were so reanimating that every soldier who bathed his temples in the spring was proof against fatigue, headache, nausea, impotence and other evil suggestions.

The guide-books will also tell you that Cologne boasts of a library dating from Hildebold (*dec.* 819) who was its first archbishop, having been raised to that eminence by Charlemagne himself; that it became the cradle of German art in the twelfth century, its passion for ecclesiastical architecture springing from the acquisition of the relics of the Magi; that it was one of the most important members of the Hanseatic League; that it is the largest town in the Rhineland, with more

than half a million inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are Roman Catholics. What the guide-books fail to mention is that this is the point from which any Rhine journey should start and that Cologne is not one city, but three. There is the medieval town (or what remains of it) still represented by the thin, gabled buildings of the sixteenth, fifteenth, and even thirteenth century, the narrow streets of the "old part," the dozen Gothic churches. There is the prosperous commercial town advertising itself from the aggressive shops of its Hohestrasse to the park villas of Marienburg. There is, across the river, the ultra-modern exhibition city, built along the lines of an Ufa production, which includes a tower that is the latest word in expressionism, the revival of humble brick along advanced lines, a church made entirely of glass which is far more futurist than Evangelist. In addition, there is a fourth city, the Roman *Colonia*, which the mind can reconstruct on the ruins of the walled town, the ancient Praetorium, whose subterranean arches still support the Rathaus, the Roman gates and fortifications, among which the *Porta Paphia* has been strangely euphonized (oh, Bottom, how art thou translated!) into the *Pfaffentor*.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

Everything in Cologne begins and ends with the Cathedral (German *Dom*). Were one ignorant of history and architecture, the Cathedral would still awake

OLD COLOGNE : THE CATHEDRAL

MODERN COLOGNE : THE EXHIBITION HALL

the poet in the most prosaic of trippers. "Lace in terms of stone." "A duet of spires whose cadence is arrested in air." "Rock rising into ecstasies of songs." These are phrases. Nor are the facts more expressive of the truth. For one thing, despite its air of antiquity, the Cathedral is essentially a modern structure. It is true that the foundation stone was laid as early as 1248 and the choir consecrated in 1322, but the north and south transepts were only begun in 1325 and the bells placed in the south tower two hundred years after the foundation. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the still uncompleted church was abandoned. In 1796 the triumphant and cynical French, remembering the manger, used it for a hay-barn. In the early nineteenth century (almost four hundred years after its inception) the idea of finishing the cathedral was seriously considered, but it was not until 1880 that the great cruciform structure as we know it was completed.

So much for chronology. The figures are meaningless as soon as one passes the bronze doors and enters the rich gloom of the interior, which, "borne by 56 pillars, is 390 feet in length, 7400 square yards in area" —cf. Baedeker. The mind forgets, the eye cannot take in the far choir flanked with seven chapels, the statues on the pillars, the carved altars, the frescoes in the spandrels, the five stained glass windows which, executed in 1508, are surpassed only by the windows of Chartres. What first emerges is the mood of the forest whose arches inspired these vaulted heights. The trunks

are gray as becomes stone, but the boughs rise beyond their progenitors, extend themselves into a formal elaboration of branches, interlacing patterns the more apparent for the lack of leaves. The light grows less crepuscular; the windows suggest the sun; a submarine dawn filters through the glassy water at the feet of John, spreading through the green tree of Jesse, deepening the blue of a Madonna's robe. Another sense intrudes and the forest feeling begins to fade. It is earth not vegetable mold that mingles with the cold smell of stone and the aftermath of incense. The gold blurs are individualized; separating themselves into distinct candles, they perform the service of illumination as well as prayer. People are seen, men on their way to work, women with baskets, infants in arms—the church takes them to her bosom for a moment, blesses her children, lets them go their way. The high altar blossoms clear of its ornaments.

Now one can determine on details. First the double aisles, a double processional without sound; the nave like a Praeludium of unheard music. Then the heroic statue of St. Christopher, earliest of the large sculptures. The carved choir stalls next, with their imbroglio of "angels and earthly creatures," tendrils that turn into tails, patriarchs as contorted and stylized as though they were in the Russian Ballet. Then the seven chapels —especially the Chapel of the Magi, with its relics of the three crowns which form part of the city's coat-of-

arms, and the Chapel of St. Michael which enshrines the famous *Dombild* (praised in Dürer's Diary) representing the Adoration of the Magi—a striking contrast to Bruegel's treatment of the same subject—flanked by Cologne's patrons, St. Gereon and St. Ursula, whose eleven thousand virgins are symbolized by the eleven small flames on the city's arms. Last, the *Schatzkammer* (Treasury) which holds a golden reliquary of Romanesque craftsmanship, the Renaissance silver shrine of St. Engelbert, the delicately enameled and intricately mounted *Osculum Pacis*, a precious seventeenth century monstrance of more than twenty pounds, a fifteenth century Sword of Justice, jeweled miters, stone-set breviaries, elaborate croziers, ivory tablets, processional crosses. . . . Had Cellini been a German, these might have been the products of his workshop.

There are more "items" for the thoroughgoing assembler: monuments and early plans for the façade, and sarcophagi, and altar-pieces, and fragments of sacred bone. The ambitious may ascend the spire and obtain a rewarding view of the rusty sea of houses, the dusty purple of the *Siebengebirge* (Seven Mountains), the yellow-green plain crookedly cut by the blue Rhine. But, before returning to the world, the wise traveler will sit in one of the pews near the chief portal, follow the upward reach of a column, and, in that patterned height where dusk completes the design, lose himself in himself.

THE STREETS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

Everything in Cologne begins and ends at the Cathedral. But the variety in between is limited only by one's time and interests. Sooner or later one walks through the Hohestrasse, that narrow twist of theater and shopping district. But first one must pass the inconspicuous but charming *Heinzelmännchen* fountain. The *Heinzelmännchen* were a race of gnomes, part industrious dwarfs, part mischievous Kobolds. These particular Pucks have a local significance, for legend assigns to them the rôle of pre-original settlers, and it was from them that the Ubii learned the arts of building, baking, weaving, husbandry and, most memorable of all, beer-brewing. Another legend maintains that the *Heinzelmännchen* flourished in the Middle Ages and engaged chiefly in cradle-snatching, defending the city by various miracles, milking the burgomaster's cows, conferring blights and boils on unpopular citizens and rewarding the faithful with an increase of goods, pigs and children. . . . The little bronze figures on the fountain admit nothing but pantomime.

The Hohestrasse reveals, in immediate juxtaposition, low-price department stores and a jeweler's Golconda; parfumier and Kino (the Graeco-European version of Moving Picture Palace); an establishment where, for twenty cents, one may acclimate one's self to the *Bürgerliches Mittagessen* (popular lunch) of *Bratwurst* and beer; hardware store, cabaret, *Conditorei* (a

super-bakery), special displays of private editions, refrigerators, tennis rackets, lingerie, antique china, more-than-modern porcelain—all extended in a long mixture of Main Street and Rue de la Paix. The two most eagerly awaited events in May 1928 were the inauguration of the Pressa (the International Printing Exhibition) and the opening of Woolworth's Five and Ten. But it is the air rather than the aggregation of shops which pronounces the new Cologne as a city with a definite present and a powerful future. In comparison with its ferment, the atmosphere of London is dead; even the side-streets have that electric stir, that emanation from reservoirs of energy which we have come to regard as American. It is manifest not only in the thirty-seven windows of its largest emporium and in the populace, but in the vivid and angular architecture, in the amplification of cubist principles, in the very lighting fixtures and intarsia work in the bar of the Hotel Monopol-Metropol. The way in which a commercial inn has incorporated the most advanced interior decoration is stimulating and surprising. The rhythm throughout modern Cologne is rapid and abrupt, the very antithesis of the traditional three-four of the waltz.

COLOGNE LEGENDS

It is not only a change of pace but of centuries to turn to the Rathaus and the neighboring Gürzenich. The years have touched neither. The five-storied tower

of the former is more imposing against its twentieth century background than it could have been when it was built almost a hundred years before Columbus misnamed the Indians. If the Muschel Saal is an example of shell-rococo that only a Sitwell could appreciate, the Hansa Saal is unforgettable, and the remains of the arches in the cellar summon the Roman stronghold on which, with German thrift and appropriateness, the Town Hall was built. The Gürzenich is a less formal but more companionable structure. Erected in 1441 as a dance- and banquet-hall so that distinguished visitors should be impressed with the munificence of the city, it is still used for its original purpose and continues its tradition of wealth by serving as the local Stock Exchange. The upper halls are always on view, and, although the richly carved columns of the Festsaal are starred in Baedeker, the *Kleine Gürzenich* (or antechamber) with its painted legendry is the more intimately appealing. No poet has yet done honor to the tale of the Cologne wood-cutting adventure which tells how Marsilius, defending the town during a long siege, sent out armed women who pretended to fell dead branches; how, instead, they turned and attacked live enemies; how these domestic Amazons beat, hacked and hewed their way through the opposing camp, evinced a feminine passion for booty, and lifted the siege.

Cologne has a host of other legends which her poets have handled with only indifferent results. It may be

too late in history to capture the blend of shrewdness and naïveté which characterize the stories, but even a sophisticated balladist might succeed in the attempt. A transplanted Walter de la Mare might accomplish the right tone, or a James Stephens, or even the early Robert Graves. There are, for example, the curious circumstances by which the relics of the three wise kings came to Cologne. There is the little known story of Gereon (later St. Gereon) and the three hundred and eighteen members of the Theban legion. There is the local worship of St. Ursula, the English princess who, returning from a pilgrimage to Rome with her train of eleven thousand virgins, was martyred at Cologne, the massacre sparing nothing of the virgin army except their hundred thousand bones which are somehow encased in the church bearing Ursula's name. There is the ceremony on *Johannistag* (the Festival of St. John), that washing away of the year's sins in the Rhine, a holiday baptism recorded by Petrarch who observed it in 1333 and celebrated by Wagner in his "Meistersinger," where the feast-day serves not only as the leitmotif but as background. There is the tale of Richmodis, commemorated by a street named after her and by two horses' heads projecting from the upper story of number 10, on the north side of the Neumarkt. Richmodis, wife and beloved of Mengis von Adücht, had fallen into a bewitched sleep (some said she was smitten by the plague) and could not be roused. Physicians were helpless, the most noted surgeons failed.

Aromatic herbs were burned, spices were scattered, pungent oils applied without effect. Though a God-fearing noble, Mengis in despair called on the Thaumaturgists but neither black nor white magic could dispel Richmodis' uncanny slumber. One day, leaving church where he had prayed with frantic ardor, Mengis noticed a beggar who, thanking him for his alms, cried "Blessing on you, Knight, and the wife who welcomes you." "Welcomes me!" cried Mengis, bitterly. "Every one in Cologne knows that there can be no welcome from my wife who lives with the dead." "Nevertheless," answered the beggar, "she is waiting for you." Mengis lost patience. He said, "When my horses mount to the loft, I will believe that my wife can rise from her tomb." "So be it," said the beggar. And, according to the chronicle, as Mengis came into the Neumarkt he saw his two favorite steeds regarding him benevolently from the top windows while Richmodis stood smiling at the open door.

CHURCHES AND MADONNAS

Cologne's most interesting church, *St. Maria im Capitol* (*Zint Märjen* in the local, Köl'scher dialect) has several peculiarities. For one thing, its name suggests that it was erected on the site of the Roman capitol; parts of an early altar, unearthed during reconstructions, indicate that the foundations were those of a temple to Minerva. The building terminates in three semi-circular apses which (according to scholars) es-

THREE MADONNAS IN ST. MARIA IM CAPITOL, COLOGNE

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

FOURTEENTH CENTURY

tablish it as the earliest example of churchly trefoil architecture. But it is the interior that is richest in casual revelations. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are here—not catalogued, but subtly contrasted. The three centuries are projected in their decorations, most suggestively perhaps in three Madonnas. Besides furnishing an object lesson in taste, the three figures show something more than the growth—and reversal—of tradition.

The Madonna of the thirteenth century (the oldest) is definitely Romanesque; the figure is narrow and straight, its slim length emphasized by the vertical folds from the shoulder to the ground. Not only the face, but the hands of this humble Mother reveal the living woman. Suffering is here in every contour, in posture, in the tilted head, in the premonitory eyes. The child, too, is real; a large child half the length of its mother, its feet dangle to her knees; its face, though not tragic, is somber for all its beauty.

The Madonna of the fourteenth century is a startling contrast. The figure, swathed across in theatrical folds, leans heavily to the right. But not because of the Babe, for the holy infant has shrunk to a puppet which the mother unconcernedly holds in the palm of one hand. The Madonna herself has undergone the strangest transformation. Her warm humanity has chilled to frozen regality. Instead of the scarf drawn over an agonized head, a diadem now tops a conventionalized mask.

The fifteenth century Madonna, differing from both,

is a model of compromise. She attempts a return to the simplicity of the thirteenth without relinquishing the elegances of the fourteenth. The result is an attitude. The figure is straight again, and though the S shape is suggested, it leans (as though to rebuke her fourteenth century sister) slightly to the left. The folds are still elaborate though their lines are generally downward. The Madonna has become a woman once more; she attempts the early naïveté but she cannot give up the crown. The symbol of power, in fact, has grown richer and heavier. The Babe has suffered most. The living Christ-child has dwindled to a doll, to a stereotype, to a decorative excrescence,—it has all but disappeared.

There is still the descent into the crypt—and the ascent into sunlight. One climax compels the other.

For those who have leisure, there remain the Wallraf-Richartz Museum (which contains, among other antiquities, a set of superb mosaic pavements and an unusual picture gallery); the pure Gothic sacristy of St. Gereon; the imposing fragment known as *Severins Tor;* the *Ulrepforte* town-gate. . . . And there, waiting with such enticing names as *Rheingold*, *Lohengrin*, *Loreley*, are the white and gold steamers ready to take you down the Rhine. They tell the tale of a visitor to Cologne who, uninterested in the Rhine or the Rhine-journey . . . But this is a record of fact, not a recital of improbable fictions.

RHINE JOURNEY: I

COLOGNE : BONN : COBLENZ

THE RHINE: COLOGNE TO BONN

COLOGNE TO BONN

THE RHINE

It is impossible to visit the Rhine without its associations; with them, the river itself is an anticlimax. At least at Cologne. "The Rhine," one says—and the word summons a kaleidoscope of figures moving to their own music. The Rhine—and young Siegfried rides out of Xanten unaware of misapprehending dragons and match-making birds; loreleys of local fame are shrill and self-conscious next to the skillfully operatic Flosshilde, Woglinde and Wellgunde, placed there by Wagner; every rock that splinters sunlight is the fabulous hoard coveted by the Nibelungs; a chauffeur's three-toned bugle a block away becomes the hunting-horn of the hero who never learned fear; the Knave of Bergen (out of "A Tramp Abroad") invades Bishop Hatto's mouse-tower. *Der Rhein* of Heinrich Heine and Mark Twain, of Wagner and Longfellow. A mysterious nostalgia, summed up in the essential lyric of the Rhine: *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten* . . .

And then the actual Rhine! A sluggish, narrow stream, wriggling its way past barges and warehouses, a river littered by boat-clubs, discolored by persistent smoke. Such, at least, is the impression as you embark at Cologne. The express steamers make the entire trip

as far as Mainz in less than a day, and you regret that you are taking the more leisurely craft stopping off *en route*. The start is disheartening, especially if it is raining—as it usually is. But the rain in this district is not harsh; it has the quality of mercy and ceases before you are aware of it. Nevertheless, for the first half hour you refuse to be comforted. Some one speaks of the Hudson, and, contrasting this meager flow with that broad channel, the Palisades take on greater majesty. Nothing happens except a few Dutch children waving the wash on freighters from Rotterdam. Lunch is the one thing that consoles you—an excellent table d'hôte with your first pint of Rhinewine (served *al fresco* on deck) and, as the day begins to brighten, possibly a second.

WINES OF THE RHINE

The cult of Rhinewine is not only a study but a passion to the fastidious taster. Your heavy drinker will never appreciate it; it is for the tippler who is also a scholar, a lover of sunlight, a philosopher, a man (rarely a woman) of leisure. "It" did I say? Increase the singular twenty times and you will still have no idea of the proper plural. Records indicate that vines all the way from Bonn to Mainz (a distance of ninety miles) were cultivated in pre-Roman days and the first historians of viniculture hint that the variety of the grapes was exceeded only by their potency. The differ-

ences in taste are due to a dozen causes: the quality of the soil, the situation of the vines, the character of the ground, the amount of sun, the dampness or stoniness of the hillside—the very species of stone may determine its flavor. One slope may yield an inferior juice whereas a certain corner of the same vineyard may produce an almost priceless vintage.

Most famous of all—and the least known (except by legend and hearsay)—is the *Schloss Johannisberg*. Practically all the labels bearing this proud title are forgeries, for the vineyards producing the true distillation cover less than sixty acres. Restricted in area, there is little enough as it is; scarcely any of the rare product, and absolutely none of the first quality, reaches the public. The choicest portion of this super-wine (only obtainable in certain favored years) is selected from the most exquisite and carefully nurtured clusters, the pressing is a rite at which every drop is counted, and the precious result is sold by auction to the initiate. Its flavor is indescribable and only the most discriminating palate can appreciate it. The *Johannisberg Klaus* and the familiar *Johannisberger*, like their more aristocratic relation, are distinguished by bouquet and affability rather than by power. One can taste cool shadows and slow sunlight in even a low-priced *Johannisberger*. The neighboring *Rüdesheimer* is a more deceptive wine; so light as to seem harmless, its innocence is a sham and the partaker should be aware of its subtlety. Those who

know *Steinberger* (literally "the stony mountain"), grown on the hill behind Hattenheim, are convinced of its aromatic supremacy, while the supporters of *Rauenthaler* claim that its best years surpass all and any.

Other wines celebrated in the Rheingau (a section fifteen miles long) are the full-bodied *Gräfenberger*, the beryl-colored *Geisenheimer*, the delicate *Marcobrunner* (an ideal "ladies' wine"), the less elegant but satisfactory *Hallgärtener*, and the always superior *Hochheimer*, shortened in England to "Hock"—by which the Englishman means any white wine of Germany. France continues to produce the best clarets, but one bend of the Rhine offers a rich garnet-colored wine that can compete with the best of them. This is the brilliant *Assmannshäuser*, as rich as any first-class Burgundy to which it is a Teutonic cousin, being prepared from the same type of grape.

The foregoing are the boasts of the Rheingau district. But this is by no means a complete catalog of those of the Rhine. A little further up the river we meet local wines as frequent as they are varied. Oberluststadt's tragedy reached the second page of the New York papers in August, 1929, when it became known that, after regularly producing its seventy-five gallons for four hundred years, the oldest grapevine in Germany had died. Every town on either bank presents its product: *Boppard*, *Steeg*, *Mannbach*, *St. Goar*, *Oberwesel*, *Caub*, all of which Baedeker, with his usual reserve,

classifies as "pleasant and wholesome." Still more southerly, we find the wines of the Pfalz (Palatinate), most of which are somewhat earthy (the commoner having a distinctly astringent aftertaste) but several of the Pfälzer brands are notable: *Dürkheimer*, *Wachenheimer*, *Ruppertsberger* and the deservedly well-known *Deidesheimer*. Proceeding to Rhenish Hesse, we are confronted with an array of names, the mere recital of which is music. The syllables suggest a new liturgy, "Let us now praise famous wines": *Oppenheimer*, *Niersteiner*, *Bodenheimer*, *Laubenheimer*. Less fragrant than those of the Rheingau, each has properties of its own. But the wine which is most praised and remembered longest by the traveler is the flower-like *Liebfraumilch* ("milk of Our Lady") which, says Baedeker shrewdly, "owes much of its reputation to the superior wines sold under that name,"—a curious name which, applied to a wine, is almost as startling as the Italian *Lacrimae Christi* ("the tears of Christ"). The *Liebfraumilch* vineyards, incidentally, could not possibly supply one-twentieth of the so-labeled produce any more than Rembrandt could have manufactured one-twentieth of the canvases sold over his name. One other red wine, *Scharlachberger* the fiery, is made in this neighborhood, a wine of rapid results rather than geniality.

The wines of the Ahr Valley are confessedly inferior and the names of its output (*Ahrweiler*, *Walporzheimer*, *Bodendorfer*) are rarely encountered on wine-cards, being consumed chiefly in the environs where

they originate. They are coarse-bodied and, like those of the Pfalz, are recommended for their vigor rather than for delicacy of taste or aroma.

In sharp distinction to these, the Moselle wines possess an unsurpassed bouquet. Pale in color, subtle in flavor, the *Brauneberger* and the more famous *Bernkastler Doktor* are rewarding, and the still lighter *Zeltinger* has been the subject of many a bibulous lyric. But care should be taken in the selection of brand and year; one should not order a Moselle haphazardly. Since these wines are grown on rough slopes among slate rocks, most of the less expensive varieties are likely to be sour and acid.

There are numberless others of which nothing has been written. The Nahe wines are worthy though humble; the wines of the Saar and the Ruwer include the perfume-like *Bocksteiner* and the ethereal *Schwarzhopfberger*, but little is heard of them. Frankly, too much is made of the refinements and nuances of the vintner. Only the trained palate can judge *finesse;* the ordinary tongue detects none but the most obvious shades of sweet and sour, light or heavy. I have known an ordinary and probably spurious *Liebfraumilch* which pleased me as much as a *Piesporter Goldtropfen 1924* or a jealously guarded *Steinberger Kirchenstück* of remote vintage. It is not even safe to say that the bottled wines of the north are superior to the "open" wines of the south. In villages where the innkeeper was watchman and wine-grower, I have tasted local Badener

products of unknown name and no year at all which compared favorably with . . .

But you have finished your lunch and the boat is at Bonn. Restored by the *Weinkellner* and a juicy *Rostbraten*, you face Beethoven's birthplace in a more conciliatory and even expansive mood. You approve of the sky, the steward, the flags strung along the quay, the single but reassuring porter who picks up the umbrella you have forgotten. You turn to salute the Captain, think better of it, remember your baggage, try to speak of Beethoven as a "*Bonn homme*," fail utterly. You disembark.

BONN

THE FIRST thing you notice at Bonn is the way in which the Rhine suddenly attains dignity. The banks broaden, the river swells, the foothills begin. Resolved to retrieve itself, the stream asserts character, throws out a city, holds a great bridge in the crook of an arm. It remembers its reputation—and so does Bonn. One of the fifty fortresses built by Drusus along the Rhine in 10 B.C., the ancient *Bonna* recalls its Roman origins with the *Alte Zoll*. This is an old bastion enshrining nothing more historic than two guns captured from the French in 1870 and an appropriately mild monument to the poet Ernst Moritz Arndt. But it is not for these relics that the young couples frequent the spot. Though their visits may be explained by the famous *Aussicht* (view) of the Seven Mountains, the

twilight in which the lovers walk is deepened by a dusk of trees, and what they look on is more immediate than receding hills. Benches along the *Alte Zoll* blossom with white frocks and an overgrowth of student caps; old men and winds grow reminiscent here; leaves have a way of quickening an old story. Sentiment, unreproached and unashamed, took possession ages ago, and sophistication, no matter how clean-sweeping elsewhere, has never unhoused her.

OLD LANDMARKS

Sentiment does not stop at the *Alte Zoll.* It is in every corner of Bonn. It skirts the wharves past the baroque Board of Mines; stops to grace the Electoral Palace (now the University) with its four eighteenth century towers; dodges along the antique avenues of trees which make the *Hofgarten;* sends the quadruple file of horse-chestnuts down the *Poppelsdorfer Allée;* erects the Kreuzberg, topped with a Franciscan convent and a seventeenth century church containing a *Scala Santa,* up whose twenty-eight marble steps (as on those in Rome) the faithful—or, for that matter, the faithless—are permitted to ascend only on their knees.

Sentiment is not routed by science here; even the catalogs and collections are more recollective than significant. The Academic Museum of Art throws a backward glance over well-tilled fields from which a few Greek *hermae* have been turned up. The more extended

Provincial Museum is chiefly concerned with early altars, relics of Roman camps, Celtic deities, Frankish antiquities, votive tablets, and the celebrated Neanderthal skeleton (found in the *Neander* valley, near Düsseldorf). The conglomerate *Münster*, with its four miniature towers and two magnified choirs, has sentiment as well as tradition to lean on. Presumably founded in 310 by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, the late-Romanesque structure is a self-expressed record of every succeeding period. The crypt points to eleventh century reconstructions; the nave indicates what the thirteenth century restored; the bronze figure of St. Helena supporting the cross is seventeenth century; the choir, with its fragments of late-Romanesque murals, is suspiciously nineteenth; the windows are obviously yesterday's.

BEETHOVEN IN BONN

But if sentiment wanders freely through the streets of Bonn, it has its very home at No. 20 Bonngasse. The entrance is commodious enough, but the visitor will not be deceived by the hall and garden, for Johann van Beethoven was the most impecunious of roomers, and Ludwig, son of the alcoholic tenor, was born in a dark cubby-hole of the garret. Here in a room any servant would scorn, the young musician learned to hate his scales, fear his father, and apprehend, through inner and outer struggles, the God who became so per-

sonal and contradictory a part of his household. His was a God whom the God-intoxicated man could declare in a symphony and denounce in a conversation, doubt and affirm, curse and create in the same sonata—a God reflected in the extremity of every passion, with whom he constantly wrestled more desperately than Jacob, a God whose perfection he debated, but whose power he never denied. "Beethoven," says Romain Rolland, "could treat God as an equal or a master. For him, God was the first and most real of realities. . . . Other friends disappeared; He alone was always there."

Without a comprehension of Beethoven's God, it is impossible to comprehend Beethoven. Never, like Bach, above the conflict, Beethoven and his daemon-deity fought through every hour, summoned and suffered their own vultures, erected their bloodshot Paradise in bottomless Infernos. Creation was less a completion of Mind than a never-ending battle of Spirit. The agony was implicit in the ecstasy. No wonder Beethoven was a social impossibility. A more tactful creature would have shown gratification when fellow-artists wept at one of his compositions. Only the uncompromising and contemptuous soul could cry, "Idiots! These are not artists! Artists are made of fire; they do not weep." Fire—fire in a high wind—swept Beethoven in and out of life; he was a brand in the concert-hall, a fury in the drawing-room. His bewildered patron Prince Lichnowsky should have foreseen the raised chair about to crash on his head; one should not invite an element in to supper.

But Bonn was not the setting for a Cyclops; the pock-marked, square-bodied Titan with hair like a nest of black snakes and brow like a temple had not emerged from the boy. The "Appassionata," the huge improvising of the "Choral Fantasy," the abstract glories of the later string quartets, the colossal "Testament" of Heiligenstadt were still undreamed. Vienna, his second home though never his haven, did not see him until 1787. His first eighteen years were spent between the overhanging eaves of the Bonngasse and the overarching banks of the Rhine. Here his infancy remains a cloud of speculation. As Thayer, most assiduous of researchers, suggests, "The desire to say something new and striking has led to such an admixture of fact and fancy that it is now difficult to separate them." Some of the stories, however, can be recognized as the legends they are. One biographer, for example, relates that "the greatest joy the boy had was when his father took him on his knee and allowed him to play accompaniments on the clavier," whereas it is evident that Beethoven's father was (at least to the boy) a tyrant when sober, a chastising demon when drunk, and the instrument he played on was not "a source of joy" but an instrument of torture. Another tale describes how, "when little Ludwig practiced on the violin, a spider used to let itself down from the ceiling and rest on the vibrating wood," a detail which made Beethoven, later in life, declare, "If you could have heard! Everything fled from my scraping—even the spiders."

The facts, so carefully exhumed by Thayer, are

these: The boy Beethoven undoubtedly learned the violin well enough to understand its resources but not well enough to perform upon it. His instrument was the piano and, by a harsh routine (the story of the child's being locked in the cellar for refusing to practice still persists), his father soon made the child's genius a marketable commodity. By no means as precocious a prodigy as Mozart, young Ludwig played in public at seven, wrote his first compositions at nine, and at eleven, saw the publication of three sonatas and a set of variations. Compositions proceeded rapidly in his 'teens. Legends gathered. There is the (unfortunately apocryphal) account of a meeting with Haydn years before Haydn became his teacher, when the older composer returned from England and the electoral band gave him a breakfast a few miles down the river at Godesberg. The account always ends with young Beethoven standing modestly while Haydn predicts largely. Mozart's much quoted "Keep your eyes on him. This youth will make a noise in the world" is also disputed but with less reason. We can be sure at least of this: Beethoven's adolescence in Bonn was marked by a few experiments, the death of his mother, a short visit to Vienna, the "Ritterballet" music at eighteen, a Rhine journey in carnival-time when Coblenz and Mainz were state capitals and Rheinfels was a fort rather than a relic, two attacks of calf-love, several trios, a concerto for violin, the nimble Rondino. . . . In November, 1792, at the age of twenty-two, Beethoven was in Vienna. At fifty-

seven he died there. Today nothing remains of Beethoven in Bonn except his piano, his string instruments, his grotesque ear-trumpets, his god-like scores, records of his human exasperations (of which the letter to his proof-reader is a masterpiece of arrogance and invective), his life-mask, his programs, his figure badly idealized by Klinger, his contemporaries, his interpreters. . . . The despised back-room has usurped the study. The plebeian Beethovens overflow the library, the parlor, the halls—every inch is an ironic association. And yet something escapes the museum. That dynamic energy, recalling Michelangelo's in thrust and effect, refuses measurement, surmounting rules and confines.

> For the nature born to bless
> Lives but by its own excess.

Deaf at thirty, Beethoven listened to the inexpressible. He contained universes that howled within him for utterance. Petty and prodigious, miserable and Olympian, he took their disorder and shaped it to the immortal harmonies only his mind could hear.

BONN TO COBLENZ

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

WHETHER one resumes the steamer or decides to venture afoot, the most jaded voyager will have nothing to complain of between Bonn and Boppard. It

is at Bonn or a few miles below that the Rhine Gorge begins and the river justifies its fame. The university buildings crane their towers, standing on tiptoe; chestnut trees light their cathedral candles as one takes the highway or the middle of the stream. The latter is the best vantage point, for nothing on either side can be hidden. The left bank claims us for a while. Küdinghofen and Ramersdorf go by, accenting the slow curve of the bank. Oberkassel, overshadowed by its cement factory, gives way to Nieder-Dollendorf, lying at the base of the Petersberg. In Dollendorf there is a sixteenth century château, an ancient parish church and a benevolent innkeeper who is a composite of Falstaff, Friar Tuck and G. K. Chesterton. But even those who, by not landing, fail of acquaintance with Germany's greatest anonymous philosopher, cannot fail to admire Dollendorf's half-timber and plaster houses of the seventeenth century stretching beyond the little quay.

The right bank now. This is Godesberg, the first of a long line of watering-places, founded as a combined rest- and pleasure-resort as early as 1760. Grown to a *Kurplatz* of dimensions, Godesberg boasts several sanitaria-hotels, hydropathic cures, chalybeate springs, and a starred show-place, the castle of Godesberg. The last, erected in 1210, was twice destroyed. Scenically, it deserves the tourists' best adjectives; architecturally, it is one of the finest examples of the art of fortification along the lower Rhine.

Turning back to the left, we face Königswinter, a

THE RHINE: BONN TO ANDERNACH

town famous for nothing except its use as an excursion center. We are now in the district of the *Siebengebirge* (The Seven Mountains). Lovely though it is, trampers seem to prefer regions further south; even Baedeker concludes, "One day suffices to explore the most interesting points, unless the visit be for geological purposes." This miniature mountain range covers four miles in length and two in breadth, yet within its limited compass, rise seven romantic (and volcanic) peaks. The highest of these is the Oelberg (1520 feet) which can be ascended in two easy hours from Königswinter and from which the lower Rhine is a bright ribbon thrown across a child's map. The Drachenfels is less eminent by five hundred feet, but is raised much higher by song and fable.

> The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine

is the bald and unconvincing way Byron put it in "Childe Harold." But the "castled crag" is indubitable. Erected in 1147 from the quarries on the hill (the stone for the Cologne Cathedral being taken from the same source) it enshrines a keep of pure ashlar and two legends concerning the monster who gave the place its name.

THE DRACHENFELS

The Drachenfels (Dragon's Rock), so runs the common version, is the site of the combat between Siegfried

and the transformed, fire-breathing Fafner, a mechanical struggle which every opera-goer should transport from the opera-house forest to this gaunt slope.

The other version is less celebrated but no less spectacular. It was the second century A.D. One of the Gallic apostles had brought Christianity to the right bank of the Rhine but those on the left resisted it contemptuously. Especially violent in their scorn were the warrior-clans who dwelt in the fastness of the Seven Mountains, a scorn that was edged with hate. Their lusts were as raw as their lives; they lived between one marauding expedition and another. The Christian settlements on the opposite side were their chief objectives and their joy in destruction was great though the booty was small. It was inevitable, though, that something of value should be found and one of their raids yielded the legendary virgin of mythical loveliness. Humbold, chief of the heathens, immediately marked her for his own, but his claim was disputed by every warrior of the tribe. Civil war threatened; Forslik, Humbold's favorite son, advanced against his father; the father raised his battle-ax, suddenly infuriated by the look of youth. But the blows did not fall. Striding into the ring of combatants, the tribal priest came crying, "You fools! Would you shed honest blood for a worthless Christian? Shall a white witch victimize the noblest of our race? No. Rather let her be the victim. Let us, as our fathers have done, sacrifice her to the

god of anger, to the red dragon whose offspring we are."

So, the next morning, a procession moved up to the summit, chanting hymns to Woden and Loki. The cavern was reached, the prisoner lifted to the consecrated rock. Ropes tightened by magic bound the sacrificial robe about her; heathen flowers crowned her loosened hair. The dawn was an evil rose. The color deepened to angry crimson; with it rose a wrath of smoke. The dragon had scented his prey and his breath was gratified flame. Now his snout, dripping fire, lifted from the hole, now his steaming ribs, now his filthy haunches, now his armored thighs. The virgin had not spoken since her capture. "The dragon will make her speak," they cried. His tail wound about her; he lifted his hideous mouth. Still praying, she bent and kissed the reeking lips. "God's creature," she murmured, "I claim you for God." The cords fell from her; the cross shone on her breast. She held out a hand; it touched Humbold's. She extended the other and grasped Forslik's. The three knelt and the whole tribe worshiped on their knees. "A miracle," they cried, and looked for the dragon. But nothing remained to remind them of their lust except a small red river. In this they baptized themselves. "Blessed be the blood," she urged them, "never let it vanish." . . . The name of the fair Christian who became their patron saint is unknown. But the red wine which the region honors is still called *Drachenblut*—"Dragon's Blood."

HEISTERBACH

The Drachenfels may be reached by foot in one hour from Königswinter by way of the placid *Nachtigallental* (Valley of the Nightingales); for those who abhor pedestrianism there is a rack and pinion railway. Another hour from either the Drachenfels or the Oelberg brings one to the wooded height of Heisterbach enclosing a Cistercian Abbey of the twelfth century. The more modern gate bears the coat of arms: a young beech (*Heister*) and a brook (*Bach*) with two guardians, St. Bernard and St. Benedict. The choir, erecting its bright stone trunks against the green ones, appears as a carefully planned design rather than a ruin. It is said that ghosts of the monks still haunt these aisles, and that one of them is particularly active. This, so the local folk-lorists contend, was once a youth, Maurus of Heisterbach, the ward of St. Bernard. Most scholarly of disciples, Maurus' parchments were the neatest, his rubrics cunningly embellished, his pages rich in flowering ornament. But if he was the most learned of monks, he was likewise the most skeptical. He questioned every affirmation, probed every text, challenged every miracle. He was not a heretic—a heretic is, at least, convinced of his position—he was a doubter, and far more miserable because of his struggle between uncertainties. One by one, he fought down his perplexities, rose above his rationalizing, triumphed over the trickery of his mis-

chievous mind. But the living Word still eluded him; finity clogged his thought; he continued to suffer from a sense of time. One sentence remained an insuperable barrier: "A thousand years are as a day in the sight of the Lord." Over and over it buzzed in his brain. It mocked him at general prayers in the great hall, in his cell, even when he was gilding a holy initial for the glory of God. "A thousand years are as a day." It was a cruel refrain, none the less maddening for being meaningless.

One day he wandered about the garden, watching the aimless cruising of a butterfly, considering the brief purposelessness of its life. It let itself be blown through the gate and Maurus followed, stumbling over the knees of oaks and tearing free of the thousand-fingered bramble. Finally the butterfly exchanged the flowers for the sweetness of a stone—drawing honey from the rock, thought Maurus. But one text suggested another, and up leapt the eternal "a thousand years are as a day." His brain could neither hold nor reject it. If he could not cast it out, he must think it out. He began counting grass blades. The numbers mounted but he did not, as was usual, lose track of the count. His mind, instead of blurring with weariness, focused, became a great clarification. He saw substances behind substances; bodies, formerly opaque, were a series of transparencies; surfaces no longer stopped him. He pierced every disguise of death; saw life dormant in the dead leaf, next year waiting in last year's bones. He saw every grain of earth and the word of God at the heart of each.

He stood up. Bells called him back to the body, back to vespers. Still half in vision, he walked to the cloister, entered the church, saw the brothers bowed in their choir stalls. Every corner was filled—even his. He approached his place and touched the monk who occupied it. The brother turned. It was a strange face. Then he noticed all the faces were strange. The abbé was asking his name. "Maurus, ward of St. Bernard, by whom I was consecrated in the seventh year of King Conrad." "But," said the old abbé, "King Conrad and the good saint have been dead these three hundred years. Sit down, my boy. You seem tired and feverish. Calm yourself with prayer. Later you shall listen to the sermon. The text means so much to us who are not dependent on time: 'A thousand years are as a day in the sight of the Lord.' "

ROLANDSECK

We continue up the Rhine, passing Mehlem with its fine country houses on the right bank and Rhöndorf on the left. The river road from Rhöndorf is flanked by ancient elms and maples, the latter comparatively scarce in Europe. The arbored avenue leads into Honnef which is a watering-place, one of the sunniest of Rhine villages and the locale of a poem by D. H. Lawrence. Rolandseck, a hotel-keeper's paradise, is on the opposite side of the stream, topped by the classic *Rolandsbogen* (Arch of Roland), the remains of a huge castle, pinnacled on a pile of basalt three hundred and

fifty feet above the Rhine. It is here that Roland, Charlemagne's nephew and paladin, found his beloved Hildegunde. Here his betrothed, deceived by the false rumor of his death in battle, entered a convent and here the returning hero, finding his beloved could wed no mortal bridegroom, died. The incidents, alas, do not appear in the original Roland saga and one is led to suspect an industrious Board for the Perfecting and Preservation of Rhine Legends.

REMAGEN

Oberwinter lies a little above Rolandseck and is noted chiefly for its "retrospect." The island of Nonnewerth lies in the immediate foreground; the cliffs of Wolkenburg tower beyond; the thirty points of the Seven Mountains are a dramatic backdrop. Baedeker has conferred one of his rare double stars on the view. Two villages on the left bank emerge as the river tries a new twist: Unkel and Erpel, the latter having the advantage of a dozen quaint buildings and the Erpeler Ley, an abrupt rise of basaltic columns, the ascent of which takes an arduous half hour. Remagen (the Roman *Ricomagus*) is connected with Erpel by a modern bridge, but its chief distinction, apart from antiquity, is that it is the principal shipping-place for Apollinaris, the saint's memorial church lying just below the town. Remagen is a favored *Ausflugspunkt* for excursions into the picturesquely narrow Ahr valley, and has the

customary equipment of Romanesque churches, a Gothic chapel made over into a museum, remains, enigmatic relics, and views. Its real treasure is the *Apollinaris Kirche*, a nineteenth century church, built in a natural niche which housed an ancient pilgrimage-shrine. Apollinaris, before he became a saint and divinity of table water, was a Bishop of Ravenna and, upon his martyrdom, had a vision of an unknown river. When Archbishop Reinald von Dassel attempted to bring the head to Cologne, all went well until they reached Remagen. There the vessel stood as still as the sun upon Gibeon and refused to proceed a ripple's length. The head of the saint was consulted, but it refused to speak. Only its eyes opened and they turned toward the shore. The Archbishop landed, bringing the holy relic, and as they entered the chapel the walls lifted themselves, mineral water gushed from clay which hardened into a font to hold the sparkling spring, the scattered stones fitted into each other, the earth braced itself to make a firmer foundation, and, his vision fulfilled, the head of the saint closed its eyes. And, the tale-tellers convincingly add, ever since that day in the year 1164 the eyes have remained closed.

RUINED CASTLES

The Rhine broadens here, averaging a thousand feet between Remagen and Coblenz. A tributary, the Ahr, enters and a sketch of a village (Kripp) lies at the conjunction. Sinzig, further up the right bank, existing

by the manufacture of mosaic tiles and Apollinaris bottles, boasts a resplendent parish church (consecrated in 1220) and a romantic bridge. Linz lies opposite and leads to the château of Arenfels. The array of ruined castles increases. On the right, at Nieder-Breisig, the nineteenth century Castle Rheineck supports itself on the site of the ancient fort, one square tower of which still remains. A smaller château (Schloss Brohleck) is exactly opposite one of the finest ruins in this section, Hammerstein, where Henry IV lived in 1105 during the persecutions of his usurping son. A handsome *Aussichtsturm* (observatory tower) is reared on a neighboring hill. Further up, the village of Leutesdorf reveals a cluster of houses that might have come straight from the score of "Meistersinger." One needs only a moon, a Beckmesser and the prompter's back to complete the illusion.

ANDERNACH

The old town of Andernach (Roman *Antunnacum*) is on the right. Its streets are synthesized history. Andernach is noted for its old walls, its late Romanesque twelfth century basilica with four ambitious towers, its sixteenth century crane, its round watch-tower (1450-65) ending in a high octagonal story and its twenty malt factories. The *Rheintor* (restored) is the oldest of the still existing double-gates. The legend of Genoveva is credited to the height west of Andernach.

A Rhenish Griseldis, Genoveva with her babe and the opportune milk-white doe, balanced by the black-hearted Golo, Genoveva, blonde and blameless as only a German soprano can be, Genoveva running up and down the scales of coloratura innocence is a heroine to whom only a Meyerbeer could do justice. But who, today, cares to do justice to Meyerbeer?

NEUWIED

Neuwied, opposite on the left, is almost a city with its cosmopolitan population of twenty thousand, including a colony of Moravian Brothers (*Herrnhüter*) who maintain a separate settlement. Neuwied has scholastic and literary backgrounds: George Meredith was educated in one of its schools and before Carmen Sylva became Queen of Roumania, she was a popular German poet, born Elizabeth, Princess of Wied. The chief industry of the neighborhood is the preparation of volcanic *Schwemmstein* (pumice). Quarrying some years ago uncovered two Roman camps, one of which was placed to protect the bridge constructed at Weissenthurm (just below the tributary Nette, flowing into the Rhine beneath Andernach), a structure presumed to have been built by Caesar in 55 B.C. A chain of villages is linked by inns and stone factories: Urmitz, Kalten-Engers, Kesselheim on the right; Engers, Mühlhofen, Bendorf on the left. The Moselle enters and the Rhine swings roundly toward Coblenz.

RHINE JOURNEY: II

COBLENZ TO MAINZ

THE RHINE: ANDERNACH TO BINGEN

COBLENZ TO MAINZ

COBLENZ

SINCE the Armistice, Coblenz is most popular because of its one-time occupation by the American troops. A citizen of the United States is made to feel more at home on its Hohenzollernstrasse than on Broadway. The Coblenzer is open in his contempt for France, guarded in his scorn of England, unreserved in tributes to the *Zukunftsland*, "the land of the future," where miracles are manufactured like Fords. He is anxious to forget recent inimical relations—("our stupid diplomats and idiotic propaganda were to blame")—anxious to consolidate the old ties. ("You're from New York? Well, I've got a nephew, a civil engineer in America. You may meet him some day. He's in Buenos Ayres.") After you have praised the fresh spirit that scatters its creative energy throughout Germany, he will allow himself a satisfied glance at the new structures and even admit it pays to lose a war.

But it takes a conversation or two to establish this *rapprochement*. The first thing one notices in Coblenz is not its open-mindedness, but the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial. Even before we sight the city (its more than 60,000 inhabitants entitle it to that classification), this equestrian monument to Emperor Wilhelm I (at-

tended by a massive Genius of Victory) rears its fifty feet upon the high point of land formed by the union of the Rhine and Moselle. This confluence accounts not only for the prosperity of Coblenz but for its name: *Confluentes*, a Roman town whose importance is attested by the number of tombstones discovered among the flagstones that once made the great military road. The oldest part of the city lies along the Moselle and the Roman *castellum* was built on the abrupt hill that now supports the lovely Liebfrauen Kirche, started in the twelfth and completed in the sixteenth century. The old town is further defined by a nest of interwoven streets and oriel-windowed houses (chief among which are the *Vier Türme*, "Four Towers"), holding together the Kornpfort and Entempfuhlstrasse, the Plan and the Alte Graben. Here, too, are the medieval *Burg* or Castle, built in 1280, and the still older Florins Kirche.

The new city is, architecturally, unrewarding. The modern Palace is a huge edifice introduced by a bastard Ionic portico, the interior executed in the rich and fulsome décor achieved by the Hamburg-Amerika Line. The Royal Government Buildings are equally florid—proper setting for overstuffed officials and overstuffed chairs. The Rhine Promenade is an excellent antidote; built by order of the Empress Augusta, it extends along the river almost two miles, just avoids the purlieus, and commands an outlook that does not even require sun or sunset to make it fascinating. A greater, though not

more endearing, view may be had from two neighboring hills, and for those who enjoy an upward stroll the Rittersturz and the Dommelberg are recommended. The latter is noted for three prehistoric circles of stone indicating a Celtic origin; the former for its well-equipped restaurant. . . . One resumes the trip regretfully.

COBLENZ TO ST. GOAR

As we proceed towards Mainz, the first thing that arrests us to the left is a huge fortress opposite Coblenz. This is Ehrenbreitstein, built on a rock-precipice, accessible on only one side. The securely protected town, with its five thousand, lies lower. Its proudest possessions are the two bridges and their scenic possibilities. Going on, we come to the twin villages of Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein divided by the river Lahn which forms one of the most celebrated side-valleys along the Rhine. The Lahntal is full of surprises. It contains the fashionable Bad Ems; the ruined Burg Langenau, whose grim outer walls enclose placid farm-houses; the dramatically situated Kloster Arnstein; and the old town of Limburg, its sheer cathedral thrusting, conspicuous, content with no less than seven spires.

Back to the Rhine, to the close panorama of reconstructed courts of ruined castles. The one on the right, below the town of Capellen, is Stolzenfels. The reconstructions are atrocious, but the five-sided tower, built

in 1240, still rears its simple hundred feet. About a mile below Capellen, is the Königsstuhl ("King's Seat"), so-called since its erection in 1376 by Charles IV on the spot where the Electors held their meetings. The Königsstuhl is an octagonal structure seen to best advantage from a distance or, better still, on postcards or the little *Stocknägel* (metal placards) with which one proudly embellishes the ordinary walking stick. . . . To the left again, on a hill above the intersection of the Rhine and the Lahn, Castle Lahneck carries its head high. Didn't Goethe write his exalted *Geistes Gruss* on first seeing its pentagonal tower? And hasn't history reënforced legend in conceding Lahneck to be the last refuge of the Knights Templar? Here are the ramparts where the twelve champions held off the avaricious Bishop and his hundreds; here, one by one, the dozen defenders were struck down—all but the oldest of them, a patriarch miraculously protected by a pebble from the tomb of Lazarus. And here, when the moon is new, his spirit (sometimes confused with a white stone) stands in shining armor, promising that as long as Lahneck stands the Rhine will repel invaders. The French troops pretend never to have heard the conclusion.

On the right the walled town of Rhens, with more of the picturesque half-timbered houses, appears on the highway. Braubach (opposite) is equally quaint. Evidently designed for a population of Hänsels and Gretels, one is disappointed to note that the ginger bread has to be brought from Nürnberg and that the

children do not clap hands in rhymed couplets. But the eye is not allowed to linger; it is pulled up by the Marksburg, five hundred feet above the river, the one old fortress on the Rhine to escape destruction. The most imposing of strongholds, Marksburg is mentioned as early as 882, and some six centuries later, a chapel was dedicated to St. Mark, to whom the place owes its name. Apart from its antiquity, it is the most satisfactory of structures. It is not merely a castle, it is Castle. Every child who has ever put pointed stones on square ones or thrown up penciled towers on paper, will recognize Marksburg as his own. All it needs is a pewter cannon and a garrison of lead soldiers.

BOPPARD

Now the Rhine bends almost double, holding in its crook a trio of towns known as the Spay villages. Osterspay, with the little Schloss Liebneck, is on the left; on the right the wine-yielding Niederspay and Oberspay. Below these, beyond the turn lies the beautifully situated Boppard. The extent of the Roman *Bodobriga* may be guessed from what remains of the great concrete wall behind the medieval castle. Research has reconstructed the dimensions; originally there were twenty-four circular towers at regular intervals along a thousand feet; the walls were ten feet thick and twenty-six feet high; four immense gates guarded the town in a precise rectangle. Boppard has an interesting Carmelite Church within its borders; be-

yond it an old ten-acre park contains a charming Benedictine nunnery (the Marienberg) and a valley road leads to the Salzig, a cluster of houses dropped in a thicket of cherry trees. Camp (supposedly the site of a Roman *campus*) is on the opposite bank, girdled with vineyards and walnut trees and topped by the double ruin (Sterrenberg and Liebenstein) known as "Die feindliche Brüder" (The Hostile Brothers). Although both castles jut from the same rock, a forbidding wall separates them and . . . But legend explains it thus:

THE HOSTILE BROTHERS

Johann, Count of Sterrenberg, watched his two sons grow out of boyhood. Heinrich, the elder, was like his dead mother: blonde, reticent, open-hearted; a giver rather than a taker. Conrad, the younger, was his father's son: dark, passionate, impetuous; a fire whose flames were never banked. A hundred associations intensified the widower's love for Heinrich; pride, seeing itself mirrored in the younger, drew him to Conrad. The boys were approaching their 'teens and their relations had never changed—Heinrich, the wiser and further seeing, was continually and willingly dominated by Conrad. Nothing better illustrated this than their affection for the child Angela, a distant cousin who had been brought to the castle as a baby. Both loved the orphan. But where Conrad was a boisterous playmate,

Heinrich was tender—and distant. Thus they grew into young manhood, perplexing their father, alternately delighting and distressing the girl. Something in Angela responded brightly to Conrad; other depths in her called to Heinrich. But Heinrich never answered, never urged a claim he could not voice.

Suddenly the blaze of the Crusades struck the Rhine. Both sons caught fire, but the father was adamant. "One of you must stay. I am an old man. This territory needs a strong defender. Choose between you." As usual, Conrad had his way and Heinrich regretfully hung up his breastplate and cuirass. Alert with adventure, Conrad shone with new light. In the week before departure, he outfitted a hundred vassals, dominated a series of festivities and, in a whirl of hot lovemaking, swept Angela completely off her feet. Heinrich, abstracted, torn between pride in his brother and fear for Angela, heard the solemn banns pronounced as though they were a rumor among midges.

Weeks went by; months rounded the outline of a year. The old count, dreaming of grandchildren, died. More and more, Angela's eyes rested on Heinrich; more and more her hands sought his. Her true nature blossomed, quiet depths rose through the agitated surface, but Heinrich, appearing not to notice them, noticed them only too well. He began avoiding her, finding elaborate and unnecessary business whenever her expression grew serious. One day Angela, facing him suddenly, charged

him with cowardice. Heinrich looked more hurt than astonished.

"Yes," Angela persisted, "cowardice. What I am going to say is unmaidenly and difficult, but some one must say it. And you won't. It is this: You love me and you are torturing both of us by denying it. You treat me as if I were your sister—an older sister, one you are afraid of. I'm not your sister. I am your love—who has always loved you."

"But—but Conrad?"

"I was a foolish girl, an infatuated child. I've only grown up this last year. I want to grow more. Help me."

Heinrich drew himself away; his words stiffened. "You are Conrad's betrothed. What right have we to talk of love to each other? Only Conrad can dissolve the oath that binds you to him, and me to silence."

"Only Conrad—?" began Angela and, leaving the question uncompleted, left him.

The Crusades were over; the cathedrals acquired countless splinters of the true Cross and innumerable miracle-working fragments of bone. Conrad, flourishing an aggressive beard, greeted his brother with a large gesture and Angela with jewels, ointments and brocades from the Holy Land. But Angela waved them aside. "Keep them for your wife," she cried.

Conrad could not understand. "But you—"

"Can never be," she interrupted, continuing with double meaning. "You must dissolve our betrothal. It

is wrong to you to continue it. Heinrich and I—" She paused.

Conrad stared at her. Slowly, bitterly, his lips curved. "The noble, self-sacrificing, big-brotherly traitor." Then, with a shout like the clashing of shields, he sprang up and was gone.

Heinrich, sitting moodily on the balcony, was unprepared for the armed madman who flung through the arras. He had barely time to draw his sword, but the instinct of self-protection was so strong that, before he was conscious of his assailant, he had wounded him.

"Conrad, my dear brother," he cried in anguish as Angela entered.

"Is he killed?" she asked.

Heinrich's face was a conflict of uncomprehension and despair.

"Yes," said Angela. "He cannot hold me now. Now we—"

But Conrad was getting up. Heinrich helped him stagger to his feet. "Traitors all," he gasped. "Good luck to you both. I will never lift hand or voice against you. And I will never set eyes on you again."

"Conrad—" cried Heinrich. "Listen—"

But Conrad shook him off. "Tell your lies to her," he pointed. "She's waiting."

Ignoring Angela, Heinrich ran after his brother. But to no purpose. That night Conrad left the castle; the next day he gave orders for a twin stronghold to be erected on the same hill, on a scarp of rock known,

ironically enough, as the Liebenstein ("The Stone of Love"). When the castle was finished, he planned a wall to stand between the two heights. Each year the wall was made thicker and higher. Angela entered the nunnery at Marienberg. Nothing ever called Heinrich or Conrad from their fastnesses. No message summoned one to the other. They lived into their eighties; no woman was allowed within the walls of either castle; they never saw each other again.

Thus the legend. It is somewhat surprising that no German poet has made it the basis of a thumping ballad, an exclamation-studded rhetorical romance, a five-act tragedy in the grand manner—better still, in the grand opera manner. It needs little imagination to hear the brasses and kettle-drums of the marching Crusaders; an experienced ear can anticipate Angela's passion-tearing aria when she confesses her love; the big scene (a trio for tenor, baritone and soprano) is implicit in the climax. There are many audiences for such an opera but, alas, few composers. Krenek and Hindemith are too concerned with the musical possibilities of trains and telephones to forsake their mechanical gods. But, somewhere, in a charcoal burner's hut or an antique shop there still may be a romantic poet who writes his own music. A world—or that large section of it which has repressed its romanticism so badly—is waiting for him.

Two villages (Kestert and Nieder-Kestert) define another sharp curve and point to the castle of Thurnberg, commonly called Burg Maus (Fort Mouse). The

derisive title was conferred on it by the Counts of Katzenelnbogen (literally "The Cat's Elbows") in contrast to their frowning Burg Katz. Both castles can be reached from the small town of St. Goarshausen. The more attractive town of St. Goar is on the opposite bank; behind it, Castle Rheinfels, the largest ruin on the Rhine, marks the hill where Goar the missionary preached the Gospel in the sixth century. The site of his hermitage has been established beyond possible shadow of doubt in three different places. Each is worth a meditative visit.

THE LORELEY

Another sudden twist of the river swings us to the narrowest, deepest, and most dramatic part of the stream. We face that huge mass of basalt with which romance has identified the very overtones of the Rhine. This is the Loreley. Loreley, one says, and simultaneously there rise through the stream of half-consciousness the poem of Heine, the incongruous folk-tune of Silcher, the melodramatic bedizened creature of the Abbé Liszt. The Loreley—and the syllables bring her half-sisters, the nixies, the river-sprites, the mer-women, the water-wives, the oreads, swimming on a rising flood. Legend hangs a hundred decorative variants on these rocks; every new poet turns the romancer's gossip into gospel. Here, we are assured, the imps (the *Luren*) of the rock (*Lei*) used to lure the unsus-

pecting pilots—and, since this was the most dangerous part of the river, hence the old name Lurelei. Here, at the base of the rock, one hundred feet below the stream, lies the Rhinegold, the Niblung's treasure, with which a man might possess the world if he did not lose his soul. Here, above the deadly rapids, hover the ghosts of Calypso and Morfydd and all those sirens that have called adventurers since Ulysses bound himself to the trembling mast. And here, in shifting guises, the impalpable projection of Heine waits for evening to comb her golden hair, singing that song whose prelude is life fulfilled and whose cadence is death.

I cannot tell why this imagined
Sorrow has fallen on me;
The ghost of an unburied legend
That will not let me be.

The air is cool and twilight
Flows down the quiet Rhine;
A mountain alone in the high light
Catches the faltering shine.

One rosy peak half gleaming
Reveals, enthroned in air,
A goddess, lost in dreaming
Who combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she is combing
Her hair, as she sings a song;
Heard and reheard through the gloaming,
It hurries the night along.

The boatman has heard what has bound him
In throes of a strange, wild love.
He is blind to the reefs that surround him
Who sees but the vision above.

And lo, the wild waters are springing—
The boat and the boatman are gone . . .
Then silence. And this with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

The prevalent prose version is somewhat more elaborate. According to the local minnesingers, the threatening cliff was always *sagenumwoben*—an ominous adjective which can be translated only by the ineffectual "saga-surrounded." Here when the full moon threw an unreal bridge across the Rhine and changed the slippery stone into a flight of silver stairs, a woman would appear seated on the pinnacle as though on her rightful throne. So delicate was her form, so filmy the blue of her robe, so transparent her skin, that she seemed compounded of light and her garments nothing more than a condensation of air. Seeing her, a man remembered his dearest dream; when she opened her lips to sing, he knew the impossible had happened and that his dream had been fulfilled. Alas, for the deluded souls who trusted what their eyes saw and their ears heard!

They are led to believe a lie
Who see with, not through the eye.

Their feet slipped toward the shining treachery; their hands clutched moonlight; their ears caught

laughter running up a silver scale. She opened her arms to lovers and they fell into the bosom of a wave. Upreaching hands, seeking her hair, found their fingers tangled in ripples. The waters smoothed; the song continued on a higher note.

A LORELEY LEGEND

Leonard, the young son of Count Dieterich of the Palatinate, had heard the tale since his infancy. Nurses had sung him to sleep with the rocking syllables; harpers had roused his imagination with ballads of the water-witch. Interest grew into absorbing curiosity, curiosity into a passion. Many had seen the Loreley, no one had ever touched her garment; he would be the first to master her. He would possess her. It became a fixed idea, a dream by day and a torture by night. On the eve of his twentieth birthday he dressed himself as though for a betrothal, hung a jeweled cross upon his breast, and, evading his father's worried scrutiny, left the castle. Finding a small boat at the bank he rowed confidently toward the unseen Ley. It was a friendly darkness; the waters were glassy; he seemed propelled with little effort of his own. Gradually the rock defined its mass, then its outlines, then its peak. Then, on the summit, Leonard saw a luminous mist, the ends of it wavering, scarf-like, the top of it like a floating crown. As he looked, the mist condensed, shaped itself, took on body—the body of a woman. Leonard could see every-

thing now. The moon-white skin, the cloudlike arms, the nebulous mouth, the filaments of loosened light that were her hair. He stopped rowing but the boat did not stop. Waves were impelling it toward the vision. Leonard was gladly unaware of movement, unconscious of everything but the radiance of the Loreley. She began to comb starlight out of her hair and enchantment laid hold on him. She began to sing and the spell was complete. It was the song he had heard in his heart's heart for years. And now she added a verse.

The world is full of lovers declaring
They'd mount through fire for a single kiss;
But where is the love that is truly daring,
And where is the man who can make me his?

"I am he," cried Leonard. "I am coming. I come," and he thrust up a wild arm. Suddenly great waves clutched at the boat, long green hands, pulling it every way at once. Leonard stood up to steady himself, lunged at an oar. But it was too late. The boat, caught in a swirl of rapids, was lifted on the back of a breaker, hung in air for an uncertain moment, was dashed against the jutting cliff. It split like a nut cracked on a stone. A thin cry went down the wind as the mist cleared and the summit shone with separate stars. All that was found to identify Leonard was the jeweled cross, picked up on the bank where he had dropped it.

For six weeks the stricken father spoke to no one. At the end of the seventh week, Dieterich gave orders to

his hardiest men-at-arms. "The witch must die," he told them. "Seize her before her magic has power. Do not wait for evening, but go early in the day. Mount the cliff before sunset and, when she appears, topple her from the rock. She has haunted the Rhine long enough; let her be drowned in it."

The afternoon was pleasant, the foothold easy. Ten of them climbed to the top. As the sun went down, they formed a close circle about the summit, drew their swords, and rested on their shields. Evening fell and a mist rose. It concentrated upon the peak, grew definite, disclosed itself as the Loreley in the very center of the armed circle. The men closed in.

"What are you here for?" she whispered.

"You," the leader answered. "You have worked your last enchantment. We are on solid earth and it is not us, but you who will plunge into the Rhine." And they put their hands upon her.

But fingers caught nothing firmer than space; wherever they clutched, they missed. She was a dancing light, a will-o'-the-wisp, a moonbeam's ghost, a reflection of an echo. And the phantom sang a new song:

> Father, father, send your waves
> Rough-shod from the deepest caves.
> Strike the waters, make them wild.
> Save your child.

The answering voices were hoarse; voices of winds and waters urging each other on, thunder of waves over-

taking the flood, rush of rains meeting them halfway. Floundering upon the height, the warriors saw the Rhine leave its bed, climb the cliff, throw itself over the summit. Shields were useless now. Knee-deep in brine they sank as in quicksands, grasped at knife-edged rocks, floating weeds, a dead twig. As the Rhine carried them toward the sea, the last man saw the Loreley mount a blue wave that turned like a high-spirited stallion and, tossing its white mane, bear her proudly away. . . . And since that night, the legend concludes, no one has ever seen the face of the enchantress. But on misty evenings when the moon is full, something of her returns. The Loreley has gone, but her song, repeated by the rock, still calls across the remembering river. . . .

THE LORELEY TODAY

But that was many yesterdays ago. It is no frail bark that now approaches the once-fatal cliff, but a high-powered, oil-burning double-decked steamer. The travelers rise to inspect the site, half curiously, half flippantly. "I don't know what it's all about," says one with a grimace; and another, turning his remark to the original, hums the first line of Heine's song:

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.

The line is taken up and continued. Other voices announce:

Dass ich so traurig bin.

Most incongruous of folksongs! The poem is so definitely *macabre* and tragic; the music so *gemütlich*, so affably sentimental. For all its fear-inspiring words, one could sing babies to sleep with it. In Germany, one does. More than that, it supplants the national anthem at *Schützenfests*, meetings of *Gesangvereins* and other convivial gatherings. Nothing is more common, more enjoyable and, incidentally, more typical of the German spirit, than a score of jovial Teutons, lifting replenished beer-mugs and roaring happily: "*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so traurig bin*"—"I don't know why I should be so unhappy."

And so the travelers carry the melody, dwelling on the separate phrases while the song rises in pitch and conviction. Little by little, the burlesque dies, the mockery gives way to full-throated earnestness; the passengers are on their feet, straining their larynxes to swell the cadence:

Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Romance has triumphed; the past lives more radiantly than the smoke-obscured present . . . And then, on the opposite bank, a crescendo of thunder turns every head to today. But it is still Romance, Romance bringing up the three-fifteen in the form of the Rhinegold Express, hurling its blue-and-gold Pullmans from Basel to Rotterdam at sixty miles an hour.

ST. GOAR TO MAINZ

A receding roar, a veering current, the river describes a double S. We pass Oberwesel, with its severely imposing Frauenkirche, medieval fortifications, watch-towers, and the haughty Schönburg, proud as a lineage-worshiping Southerner. Then Caub with its twelfth century walls and the high, square-pinnacled castle of Gutenfels. Then, on a rocky island in the midst of the stream, the Pfalz, a curious six-sided building, with innumerable corners, queer angles, absurd turrets, one of the ugliest roofs ever designed, ten thousand loopholes and only one entrance six feet above the ground. Legends cluster here. Here, according to one story, the fair Agnes was imprisoned by her ruthless father to prevent her marriage; here she received her lover who mounted (as in the tale of Rapunzel) on her ladder of hair; and here her child was born, the first of a line of Rhenish heroes. According to another version, the place was built for a tribe of dwarfs (this because of the multitude of small rooms and loophole windows) whose servants, six-foot giants, were never admitted but delivered food and merchandise at the otherwise inaccessible door.

Bacharach, on the right, deserves a visit. Although its wine is not as celebrated as it once was (Pope Pius II was never without his annual cask of "Bacharach" and, in the sixteenth century, the town was the largest wine-market on the Rhine), it has an excellently ap-

pointed hotel and one of the finest examples of half-timbered architecture (built in 1568, restored in 1897), the Altes Haus Inn. Bacharach seems the headquarters for Bigger and Better Ruins. Town walls with three-sided towers at intervals of a hundred-odd feet abound. On the heights above, the once powerful Burg Stahleck sends its vast ruins all the way to the valley; halfway up the hill, rise the remains of the Werner Kapelle, starred by Baedeker, who calls attention to the graceful Gothic trefoil and the delicate tracery of the windows. That unimpeachable authority also reminds us that the church was erected (1293) "to commemorate the canonization of St. Werner, a boy who was murdered in 1286 and whose body was landed here after having miraculously floated up the stream."

CASTLES

Castles to right of us, castles to left of us, castles in front of us rear their ever-ascending turrets. This one to the left is Nollich perched on a precipice above the Wispertal. The west slope (called the "Devil's Ladder") is particularly sheer and fragments of a story still record the adventure of the Knight who, in order to win his lady, sold his soul to the fiend and ascended the cliff on horseback—being lifted on the back of the Wisper wind which races through the valley. The village of Lorch, at the foot of the slope, is renowned for the large Gothic church of St. Martin, whose high altar

is ornate with fifteenth century carving, and the celebrated, sculpture-encrusted Hilchenhaus, a building which local pride ascribes to 1300 but which Herr Baedeker conservatively estimates at 1546-48.

Now the right bank presents a very eruption of ruined castles, fortresses, palaces. Beginning at Rheindiebach, almost every foot of elevation is occupied. Here are the eminences of Fürstenberg; the tall-towered Heimburg (or Hoheneck) near the river; the slim turrets of Burg Sooneck at the entrance of the ravine; the forbidding Falkenberg, reputed to have been a stronghold of robber-knights in 1250; the ultra-romantic, battlemented Burg Rheinstein (formerly called the Vautsberg)—mentioned in 1270 but whose origins are unknown—excellently restored, housing a museum and an inn. Each of these has its own familiar phantoms, old wives' tales, breath-snatching ballads. Burg Rheinstein preserves the story of the lovely Gerda betrothed to an undesired Gunzelin, an aged ally of her father's, and rescued on the way to the altar by her lover Helmbrecht —a precursor of Lochinvar. Falkenberg and Sooneck dispute for a more unusual tale; the adapter Wilhelm Ruland awards it to Sooneck and relates it somewhat in this fashion:

THE ROBBER-KNIGHTS OF SOONECK

The banquet drew to a disorderly close. Men with blood-shot eyes sprawled over benches, their towsled

women grease-smeared and sodden. The chief of the robber-knights swayed to his feet.

"Much-lauded ladies" (whereat the ruffians laughed) "and many-ladied lords" (here the wenches tittered at the tasteless joke) "as a grand finale, I now present to you the wildest animal that ever roamed the Rhine. Ho, there!"

As the women shrank back in reluctant arms, the door opened and two servants brought in a chained creature with wild hair and briar-like beard. Knotted arms, like the boughs of an apple-tree, clawed the air; heavy feet pushed forward uncertainly.

"This," announced Hohlmund the chief, "this, or what remains of it, was once Hans Veit of Fürstenberg, the last of our neighbors to defy us, and known as the best marksman along the Rhine. We met on the field; we fought; he lay under my heel."

Without turning his head, Hans Veit spoke. "We met by accident; I fought without shield or armor, you were fully armed; I lay, bleeding from a dozen wounds, waiting the last thrust of the spear."

"But it never came," mocked Hohlmund. "Instead, the wild beast was bound and added to my collection of curiosities. You see before you the keenest-eyed shot in the world just as he was except for one small detail—his eyes have been more or less painlessly removed."

A shudder went through the hall as Hans Veit said, "I can see some things without my eyes."

"So I hear," Hohlmund went on with menacing soft-

ness. "So I hear. The keepers tell me that you still can shoot, that you can locate things by sound. We shall test your cleverness."

He turned to the table. "Here is a silver goblet. I will go to one side of the room without saying which. I will strike the goblet twice. If you hit it, you go free. If you miss—" He left the sentence threateningly incomplete.

Some one handed Hans Veit a bow and quiver; the blind man ran his hand over the length of it as though feeling the grain of the wood. A silver bell spoke suddenly. Before it could ring again, Hans Veit faced about, let fly an arrow, and the goblet clattered on the stone floor.

"Bravo," cried Hohlmund, "the blind bat—"

But he got no further. Veering slightly, the sightless bowman sent a second arrow above the heads of the vassals, pinning Hohlmund to the wall. The company screamed, cursed, crossed themselves. The dart had gone through the mouth. . . .

ASSMANNSHAUSEN

Stories cluster as thick as grapes on these hillsides. Here is Assmannshausen, the home of the "famed and furious" red wine and a dozen tales, purporting to show how it got its potency. Some say the vines were watered by the blood of the red Romans; some declare that in prehistoric times, pagan sacrifices soaked through seven layers of earth; others maintain that the

origin is far more ancient and sinister, that the roots were baptized in the fires of hell and they point to the adjacent ridge which is significantly known as *Teufelskädrich.*

And here at the Bingerloch where the river narrows, is the Niederwald, that lovely stretch of woods, with its huge *Nationaldenkmal* (National Monument) commanding the view from every direction. Erected to commemorate the welding and unification of the German States into a new empire in 1870, the figure of Germania, an iron Valkyr, *kolossal* on its eighty-foot base, rises some seven hundred feet above the water. And here, in the center of the stream, is the island (opposite Bingerbrück) containing the ill-famed Mouse Tower. It was here that Archbishop Hatto (may his name be dishonored even in Hell) came when forced to flee from Bingen . . . But I anticipate the tale.

THE MOUSE-TOWER OF BINGEN

There was never a greater, ghastlier, greedier scoundrel than Archbishop Hatto. He grudged the mice the few crumbs they could find, and he grudged his cats the few mice. He grudged his neighbors their children, grudged the vine-growers good weather, grudged lovers a moonrise; he grudged himself every pleasant thought but the thought of his money-bags. These grew in weight and quantity, especially since Hatto continually devised new ways of increasing them. Lacking a more

original idea, he could always raise the taxes—which he always did. Growing more and more extortionate, he built a fortified tower on the island below Bingen, a tower that served as threat and custom-house. No ship, not the smallest barge, could pass without paying a toll out of all proportion to craft and commerce. The Archbishop's thin hands came to love only the response of cold silver. His fingers grew longer and leaner; the bags grew firmer and fatter.

The year of the famine was especially gratifying. What remained of the meager crops was ruined by a disastrous hail-storm; the grapes never ripened; the wheat was mowed down by unhuman scythes. The country went into mourning. Only Archbishop Hatto rejoiced. His barns, warehouses, even the attics were crammed with grain and corn and these he doled out at an enormous profit. Finally, the coins ceased to roll in; the farmers were bankrupt; their families were starving. They pleaded by twos and threes; they begged by hundreds. But Hatto smiled his cold smile, "Buy at the market when you can; tomorrow the price will be higher."

Famished, beside themselves with hunger, they camped before his windows. So insistent was their desperation that two mothers killed their babes and left the emaciated bodies on the Archbishop's doorstep as a horrible protest. Finally, the flint heart appeared to soften. Seeming to relent, Hatto came out to them.

He realized, so he said, the extremity of their plight.

He would help them. If they would all gather in his largest barn (the empty one on the hill) he would see that their suffering would end. The next morning, accordingly, villagers and country-folk, hollow-cheeked farmers, spindle-shanked children, crowded the great barn waiting for the distribution of grain. They were not kept long. When the last victim was inside, iron bolts were fastened, the windows blocked, and the structure fired. At first the poor people could not understand the situation. They suspected it might be a game, a hoax, a bad practical joke—never so monstrous a crime. But when the flames ran thin red fingers through the boards and the smoke curled its foul tongue over the roof, they screamed, pounded on the unresponsive doors, cried for God's mercy.

"Listen to the field-mice twitter," mocked the Archbishop, as faint cries pierced the palace walls. "Lazy vermin. Now, at last, there'll be an end to their whining and begging. May I be bitten to death by a mouse if I'm wrong."

Three days later the ashes had cooled, the bones lay unburied. Five days later, the bones disappeared. For three weeks the Archbishop was undisturbed. Then, one day, in his deepest vault, he noticed a mouse staring at him with a fixed and strangely unmouselike expression. Hatto shouted at the creature. The mouse did not move. The Archbishop put his foot upon the animal. The mouse, slithering under him, perched on a money-bag.

That day Hatto found a mouse in every corner. The

kitchen swarmed with them, the bedrooms, the halls. They frisked their dusty tails in his wine; they tore up every blanket and counterpane for their nests. Then the bread disappeared. Then, increasing by thousands, they devoured everything in the larder; then, invading his store-houses, they began on the grain. When nothing was left and the hungry Archbishop himself had no crumb to look forward to, they began to chew up the wood. Floors, wainscotings, portals, bedsteads, doors, tables, chairs, ceilings disappeared.

In desperation, for the place was beginning to fall about his ears, Hatto fled to his strong tower on the island in the middle of the Rhine. There he began to breathe and plan again; the river was between, and rats, he knew, could not swim. He spent the first day putting his affairs in order; the second, checking up the provisions he had put there for an emergency. On the third, he looked out of a high window and saw, with unbelieving eyes, the river black with tiny floating creatures. They were mice, hundreds and thousands of mice, coming toward the tower against the current. Some of them were aboard improvised rafts; some were paddling themselves on fragments of wood, steering their small craft with expert tails; others had taken wings (it is possible that these were bats) and skimmed over the surface of the stream. But all of them advanced toward a direct objective and not one failed to reach the foot of the tower.

When the Archbishop saw the vermin-army approach,

he barricaded his doors, mounted to the highest room, threw out all his supplies. But nothing could stop them. Ignoring the food, the mice gnawed through to the inner chambers, mounted the stairs, their feet making a pattering and ominous wind . . . A month later, when workmen were sent to the tower, the Archbishop's bones were found scattered among his bags.

ENVIRONS OF BINGEN

Bingen itself is a thriving, modern, uninteresting town with a few medieval relics. Its environs are more enjoyable. Above the town, on the site where a Roman fortress stood, rises Burg Klopp. Here Henry the Fourth was kept prisoner by his traitorous son (later Henry the Fifth) and here, ever since the fatal Christmas in 1105, December 25 is remembered not as a festal but a funereal day. The Rochusberg, with the peak called Sharlachkopf, rises behind Bingen. This is the source of the costly Scharlachberger and here the festival of St. Roch, lovingly detailed by Goethe, is celebrated on the first Sunday after the fifteenth of August by not too solemn solemnities.

THE "WINE-MOUNTAINS"

Almost opposite Bingen, but a little further south, is the fair and ancient town of Rüdesheim. Above it, the protective *Nationaldenkmal* (previously measured) rises its thirty-foot sword; beyond it, the Niederwald

stretches benevolent green arms; the vineyards lie all about. No town could be more appropriately placed, for its entire history centers around the grape. Mentioned as early as 864, its world-famous wine has the longest pedigree in the district (the Rheingau) where every wine boasts not only a bush, but a family tree.

Lucky the traveler who reaches Rüdesheim just before the first of November. On that day he would be waked at eight o'clock (if he were not already prepared and out on the street) by a ringing of bells compared to which the vociferous campaniles of Southern Italy are a dispute among tired crickets. The chiming and clanging echo from village to village along the entire Rheingau, calling and clamoring, as has been the custom for countless years. It is the signal; it proclaims the rounding of the grape; it announces that the first fruits of the vine may now be gathered. Its significance can only be appreciated by a native to whom the vine is not only his livelihood but his life. It is, in fact, his religion and no ritual could be stricter than the care and ceremony attending the growth of the vine. Tendrils must be twined; the heresy of weeds must be excommunicated; birds must be discouraged here; eyes must be vigilant to seize the parasite in the flying dust. Strangers are suspect all through the growing months. So strict is the surveillance that, long before gathering, every patch of fenced ground is locked by order of the Constabulary and even the owners cannot enter except by almost unprocurable permission.

But at eight o'clock on the morning of November first, the bells are loud with thanksgiving and the long waiting is over. Out come the fathers and mothers—and grandfathers as well—up they go to the *Weinberge* (literally "wine-mountains"), and along both banks of the Rhine—at Rüdesheim. Geisenheim, Hattenheim, Erbach, on the left, and at Ingelheim, Heidesheim, Bodenheim, on the right—fingers and shears are busy until five o'clock when the bells become more peremptory than ever.

This is the Rheingau, a region of gentle hills, sunny villages, and acre after acre of terraced slopes. The villages, crowding upon each other, are a wine-merchant's catalog: Geisenheim has a lime-tree as venerable as Bede, a viticultural museum, and the "Oenological and Pomological Academy" which means nothing more alarming than an institution for the study of vine- and fruit-growing.

Schloss Johannisberg, situated above the vineyards, has a long and involved lineage; the fifty-five famous acres yielding the golden liquor are jealously watched and, though visitors may stroll about the terrace, no one is permitted to enter the castle itself.

MORE WINE VILLAGES

Winkel is less identified with wine and more with the Brentanos, a family of folk-lorists that Goethe was fond

of visiting. Winkel also contains an indisputable ninth century structure (*Graues Haus*) "unquestionably," says our trusty cicerone, "one of the oldest dwelling-houses in Germany."

Oestrich, Hattenheim and Erbach have little to distinguish them from each other or, for that matter, from any dozen hamlets which claim (and with perfect honesty) a château, a romantic ruin or two, and more than middling good wine. Eltville (sometimes spelled Elfeld) is more pretentious. Once the capital of the Rheingau, Eltville has five thousand inhabitants, a castle erected in 1332, a Gothic church of approximately the same date, and several large factories producing the underpriced and oversweet German *Schaumwein*, i.e., champagne.

If one has time for a slight detour, a visit to the Cistercian Abbey at Eberbach is rewarding. It can be reached directly from Hattenheim—two and a half easy miles—and it is seldom that one stumbles upon so memorable a group of ecclesiastical buildings. The Refectory (rebuilt in 1720), the early Gothic Dormitory, the Romanesque Abbey are strangely unified in spite of their difference in periods. But even more important than these are the vivid monuments, most of them statues of abbots of seven early centuries. Close by are the sixty acres which comprise the Steinberg vineyard, and here the favored may taste the authentic Steinberger Kabinett—and be assured of its authenticity.

MONKISH WINE-TASTERS

The tale is still current of two monks whose sensitive palates had become proverbial. Both were invited to taste the priceless vintage some centuries ago. The rarest cask was broached. Both monks were presented with a tentative goblet. They drank the precious drops slowly. "It tastes too much like metal," said the first. "Too much like leather," amended the second. "Like metal," insisted the first. "Like leather," maintained the other. New cups were passed. They emptied them. "Much too metallic," repeated the one. "Much too leathery," chorused the other. The vintners grew puzzled, resentful, suspicious. But they dared not challenge the recognized authorities. Hoping to prove them wrong, they drew fresh potations—ten goblets, twenty, two hundred—while the monks, pressing expert tongues against trained palates, disputed. "M-m-metallic." "L-l-leathery." Finally the huge cask was empty. Then, at the bottom, the judges saw half an inch of leather strap from which a small nail was hanging. "Bah!" cried both monks, refusing to believe it was an accident, and left the place on scornful though not altogether steady feet.

NEARING MAINZ

Continuing southerly, the right bank presents little of immediate interest. Little, at least, from the boat.

Venturing afoot or along the railway, one comes upon Ingelheim with its double villages, each of which claims the sentimental tale of Eginhard, his Emma and her father Charlemagne, as impossibly hard-hearted as though he were playing the parent in "Down East." Heidesheim is another wine-village, with (the *non sequitur* is unintentional) a large Asylum for Idiots. Waldhausen is nothing more than another Schloss. Mombach is only a name. The Rhine journey proper ends, so far as this bank is concerned, at Mainz.

MAINZ

Mainz (Gallic Mayence), a city of more than 120,000 inhabitants, was the Roman *Mogontiacum.* Drusus built a camp here in B.C. 14. Christianity infiltrated during the fourth century; the League of Rhenish Towns centered at Mainz in the thirteenth; and in the seventeenth it was captured successively by the Swedes, the Imperialists, and the French. After the Thirty Years' War, its importance dwindled. As a terminus its place was taken by Frankfort; as a social center it is overshadowed by Wiesbaden. The recent French occupation did not make it more popular, especially since its streets were clogged with half-caste and Colonial troops. Nevertheless, Mainz still has enough memorials of beauty to satisfy the most weary traveler. Here are a dozen wonders to rouse the avowed antiquarian as well as the occasional ambler. Here is a

splendid Museum of Antiquities with an array of Roman and Frankish objects. One of the most interesting exhibits is a complete shoemaker's shop with sandals, tools and unfinished leather of the Roman occupation period. The Roman-Germanic Central Museum affords a most comprehensive survey from prehistoric to Merovingian times. There is, besides the usual medieval structures, a Cathedral (St. Martin's), supposed to have existed as early as 406, on which Baedeker, just as ever, bestows three starry pages.

Mainz also possesses a Gutenberg memorial and the proud legend that the famous Bible was the work of a native son. Even foreign scholars agree in identifying the inventor of printing with Johann Gänsfleisch born here toward the end of the fourteenth century. Outdoors, Mainz is less notable. There is the long iron bridge mentioned by Heine at the end of his "Lyrical Intermezzo." There is an imposing tree-lined Esplanade some five miles long and one hundred yards wide. But if one wants natural—and cultural—loveliness, one should disembark at Biebrich opposite or cross the bridge that leads there. Biebrich has a park and a baroque castle that might have been designed by Sacheverell Sitwell in a fit of pique. Biebrich will always boast that it was here, in 1862, that Wagner wrote the "Meistersinger" Prelude. On March 12 he was writing, platonically enough, to Mathilde Wesendonck that he hoped "to start work tomorrow. I am thoroughly settled here now, have two chambers hired for a year, the

pianoforte, bookcase, renowned divan, the three Roman engravings and the old Nibelungen print. . . . The site is extraordinarily lovely. A beautiful spacious garden. The birds in the duke's park keep up a contest of song with those on the island opposite; the nightingales are numberless, they say, and positively deafening in their season. So here will I await my 'Meistersinger' destiny." . . . "The fair season of the year" (thus he confided to his autobiography) "was now approaching, and I was once more seized with a desire for work. As from the balcony of my flat, in a sunset of great splendor, I gazed upon the magnificent spectacle of 'Golden' Mainz, with the majestic Rhine pouring along its outskirts in a glory of light, the Prelude to my 'Meistersinger' again made its presence closely and distinctly felt. Once before I had seen it rise before me out of a lake of sorrow, like some distant mirage. I proceeded to write down the Prelude exactly as it appears today in the score, containing the clear outlines of the leading themes of the entire drama."

But Biebrich has another claim: it is the place where the Rhine voyager leaves the Rhine and decides to go to Wiesbaden.

VIEW OF COLOGNE

CASTLE SQUARE, WIESBADEN

RHINE JOURNEY: III

WIESBADEN : HEIDELBERG : KARLSRUHE

WIESBADEN

Some one has said that Wiesbaden is the largest English town in Germany. Each year since the war, the flippancy has grown increasingly true. The Middlesex regiment—or what remained of the coddled British army of occupation in 1928—turned the Kaiserstrasse into Whitehall; the Kurpark, swarming with trim sergeants and Truby King nursemaids, might have been Hyde Park; there was even a Wiesbaden "Times" in perfectly good Sloane Square English, including an Agony Column. No wonder the Thames-dwellers rush from the green fogs of November to where the air remains balmy through autumn and where the reddening of a leaf is only the last ruse of summer.

Wiesbaden has, of course, the usual quota of palaces, Renaissance churches and museums; the library contains many remarkable old manuscripts and the earliest work of Gutenberg (part of an astronomical calendar of 1447) to which a date can be definitely assigned. But its two hundred thousand annual visitors are not here for research. You see some of them in the sumptuous theater, more in the arcades abutting the Kurhaus, and all of them any afternoon in the ultra-romantic aisles of the Kurpark. The hot springs of Wiesbaden (there are more than fifteen of them in the Kochbrun-

nen yielding five thousand gallons an hour) are said to alleviate gout, neuralgia, rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia, nervous ailments and especially, judging from the daily promenade, extreme obesity. There always seems to be a Fat Woman's Convention or Association for Girth Control in Wiesbaden. It is pathetic to see the Gargantuan creatures unhappily choking over their seventh glass of steaming Stygian water (the taste of which has been described as a combination of sulphur, sediment, and overripe eggs) and then undoing the beneficent effects by yielding regularly at four P.M. to the lure of the corner *Conditorei.*

THE CONDITOREI

The *Conditorei* (*habitat* Germany and Austria) deserves a chapter to itself. More, it deserves a laureate. It is a glorified sweetshop, a bakery lifted to the *n*th, a cake-and-coffee shop in Heaven. No one can appreciate tarts, has ever understood pastry, until confronted with the pastrymaker's soul as it is revealed on the lyrical counters of the *Conditorei.* Merely as designs, the *Kuchen* (high German for *patisserie*) are as ingenious as they are infinite. Here are chocolate squares precariously balanced on an edifice of *Blätterteig* (tissue-paper dough) ; here are towers of cherries leaning Pisa-like above a foundation of *blanc mange;* here vanilla triangles are set back from futuristic flanks of plums, spun sugar and candied rhubarb. What Ely

Jacques Kahn has done for the recessional skyscrapers, and P. T. Frankl for step-back furniture, some anonymous German has accomplished for the hitherto conventional pastry. So much for the design. Luckily for the clumsy artificer in words, the tastes are indescribable. All the known and at least twelve unknown sweetmeats and spices have been insinuated into these *Strudels*, *Bärpfoten*, *Indianer*, *Lebkuchen*, *Linzertorten*, ten-layered, chocolate-wafered *Pischinger Torten*, rum-flavored *Punschtorten*, *Ananas Crême*, *Crêmeschnitten*, *Krapfen*, *Scheiterhaufen*. . . .

And, like an ever-recurrent theme, more persistent than a Wagnerian motif, occurs the *Schlagsahne* (*Schlagobers*), that favorite substratum which is nothing more nor less than whipped cream. To the German, whipped cream is anything but a culinary flourish; it is no mere twirl to drop in one's cocoa or add as a decorative scallop to a wedge of fruit. To the German, it is a sweet *per se*, a complete dish, a teatime *raison d'être*. Every traveler has gasped to see dainty Fräuleins and Teutons who are almost Titans consuming plates, piles and pyramids of whipped cream *au naturel*. Rare is the American who can suppress a shudder. He may become used to Rhine wine for breakfast, acclimated to beer and *Würstel* at eleven A.M.; he may even develop a passion for those lumps of boiled dough called *Spätzle*. But the idea of sitting down to saucers of *Schlagsahne* will always curdle his patriotic blood.

MODERN WIESBADEN

The Wiesbadener is a creature with native pride but, seemingly, no prejudices. Perhaps a city whose chief industry is stuffed plums and ditto hypochondriacs cannot afford to have any. Even the Chosen People are liked—very few of them come here. Distance, no doubt, lends enchantment to the Jew.

Wiesbaden, if the reader is not already aware of it, is both a retreat and a metropolis. There are no less than fifty good hotels (ten of them in the *de luxe* class), a dozen bath houses (as distinguished from hotels *with* baths), twenty *pensions*, six sanatoria, several theaters, concert-halls, picture galleries and every sort of restaurant—including the Vegetarian. The Kurhaus is designed to impress the visitor, and it succeeds. It has two façades; the one on the west is Ionic and severe. The east wing is elaborately subdivided. The interior is massive and impartial, being full of Swedish granite, Italian marble, Spanish majolica, Latin inscriptions, a Louis XIV "convention room," twenty dancing figures of no recognizable nationality, a rococo room with a mosaic of shells. The general effect is early As-you-like-it.

MODERN OPERA

Nothing, however, can belittle the quality of the Staatstheater, an opera house which has both splendor and charm. Nor are the performances unworthy of the setting. The programs are as varied as they are am-

bitious: in one week the company presented "Die Walküre," "Tiefland," and a première of three aggressively modern one-act operas by Krenek. The Wagnerian piece had all the benefits of modern improvements—a magic fire machine, a Linnebach projector, a condensed version; everything, in fact, except a deflated tenor and a less than Zeppelin-proportioned soprano.

This universal defect will soon be remedied, not by compulsory diet, but by the synchronized sound-and-picture films. Ever since the beginnings of German opera, the illusion has been destroyed. No audience could ever believe in the plight of these upholstered Isoldes, Gretels, Evas, Sieglindes. Though they sang with the tongues of angels, they appeared in the bodies of behemoths. But the cinemas will change this. They have done much; their great work is still to be done. The time is at hand when, mercifully hidden by the screen, Frau Knödel-Kulmbacher and Herr Mastochsenfleisch will loose their golden flights of notes, while on the silver sheet, the lissome Greta Garbo will hang her Venusian form on the Tannhäuser of John Gilbert. Here, not yet attempted by Hollywood, is the true synthesis of sight and sound. The picture-machine may live up to itself at last; the moving picture will not only move, it will be moving.

WAGNER REVISED

If opera *per se* has not yet been reconstructed, certain phases of it are being revised. The orthodox interpretations no longer hold; even so prescribed a piece as "Meistersinger" is being subjected to anti-Bayreuthian study. Thus, for example, Beckmesser is no longer the traditional comic relief, not the clown that Wagner intended him to be. Beckmesser has grown bigger than his burlesque. We see him today as a prig and a pedant, but not as an operatic idiot; he is a scholiast only somewhat more fanatic and little more ridiculous than Pogner, Kothner, Vogelgesang and the other guild-members. Wagner drew his caricature so well that it almost ceases to be a caricature; the spirit of the man triumphs over scorn and libel. Beckmesser, it is true, fears the handsome Walther as a rival. But if he is anxious to keep Eva from the young interloper, he is equally anxious to preserve his cherished code, his contrapuntal conventions, everything which affects his beloved art, from seduction. His hate of Walther is definite enough, but it is no greater than his love of the "rules." Both hate and love are united and furnish a truer motivation than this rôle was ever granted before. In the end, the creator has his way; his creation is humiliated, buffeted, laughed off the stage. But something in the puppet outlives the laughter. The critic Hanslick, who was the object of, and the model for Wagner's cartoon, may

have deserved the composer's spleen. But Hanslick was not a buffoon. His dogmatism (which was also his honesty), distorted in Beckmesser, gives "Meistersinger" its absurd humor; it also gives, perhaps unintentionally, a tragic dignity to a grammarian's funeral.

The same opera is subject to further revisions at the hands of the director. Why, for example, is Magdalena always shown as a spinster in her forbidding forties while David is a blond *Spitzbub*' just released from kindergarten? Magdalena, it is true, is Eva's companion and may well be a few years older than her charge. But she is not Eva's beldame—and Eva is not yet twenty. As for David, he may be apprenticed to Sachs, but he is at the end of his apprenticeship, which is to say at the end of his 'teens. Most striking of all, David and Magdalena are betrothed and nothing is more incongruous—and more painful—than the spectacle of the old maid affianced to her tow-headed schoolboy. The director, if he is human as well as radical, will, without doing violence to one line of text or one note in the score, take a few unnecessary wrinkles out of Magdalena's cheeks and put a few years on David's shoulders. Both characters and audience would benefit.

ENVIRONS OF WIESBADEN

There remain in Wiesbaden a score of more or less fashionable *Quelle* (springs), a most imposing railway station, a stretch of *Heidenmauer* (Heathen Wall), the

fragments of Roman masonry, a few monuments easy to avoid. The environs are typical excursion spots. Chausseehaus seems always on the verge of a picnic; Unter den Eichen is as much under the oaks as its name signifies; Nero-Tal is a vast pleasure-ground with the Neroberg carrying its vineyard and restaurant to a height of 800 feet. The Rhine panorama is especially wide from the top of this beech-covered hill.

But, unless you are undertaking a cure, you will not stay more than three or four days in Wiesbaden. Within a week you will buy your piece of "native jewelry" (shipped from the Pforzheim factories), send off the last box of stuffed prunes, and take an early train to the next important southerly town, one of the loveliest and possibly the most loved city in Germany. Within two hours you are in Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG

Long before "Alt Heidelberg" lent its romance to a lachrymose student prince, it was one of the most romantic places in Europe. It still is. And it is more. It combines the charm of the antique, the scholastic aura of the bookmen, the punctilio of dueling fraternities, the alertness of modern art, the . . . But no! Its quality is such that it evades summary. The important sites are limited; outside of the palace, there are practically no show-places. Baedeker, for all his

minuteness, has only nine pages on Heidelberg—less than he devotes to untidy Strassburg.

HEIDELBERG "STIMMUNG"

But come to Heidelberg after a restless motor-trip or a night on the train. Whether it is a May afternoon or a morning in September, the recreation will be identical. You find yourself walking toward the Stadtgarten, accompanied by a retinue of sparrows. Soon you are seated in front of a green iron table and, almost simultaneously an amber beaker. Smiling *Fräuleins* solicitously hovering about you, and the sparrows, fighting for your largesse of crumbs, make you feel like a feudal lord. A young matron, lifting a *Krug* to the lips of her youngest, assures you that a sip of good beer is better than milk for a growing child. The band swings into a dripping, blandly punctuated waltz. The second stein appears. You think of Hovey, of fair weather, of good fellows getting together, of a good song ringing clear. A sense of well-being washes you. You wallow in the flood, luxuriate in waves of it. God's in his heaven —and in a realm no more remote than Heidelberg.

STREETS OF HEIDELBERG

Even so, the sightseer will demand something more definite than *Stimmung*, for which there is no English

equivalent, being a composite of "mood" and "atmosphere." And he will be granted it, for Heidelberg, heavenly though it is, does not live by *Stimmung* alone. Squeezed between the banks of the Neckar, worming its way along the river and up the hill, its very situation is rewarding. The double-starred castle is the lodestar that draws every visitor, but before you listen to the convincing guides, take a turn about. Never were streets so friendly, never were shops more compelling and shopkeepers less compulsive, never did a main thoroughfare (the Hauptstrasse) end so neatly in an open market that has all the allure of a country fair. Here a booth offers, for a few pennies, the "seconds" of a ceramic factory; there a stand will outfit your kitchen for five dollars; beyond, a massive Turk (with a broad Bavarian accent) is selling "for the first time in Germany" the only true Turkish delight, "flavored with priceless Persian roses as prepared for the favorites of the Sultan"; to the right are shelves of crockery at prices that make Woolworth's seem extortionate. At each end are fragrant, open-air kitchens where one can buy—and decidedly does buy—*Waffeln*, which are waffles without a taint of sogginess, without a suspicion of dough or, for that matter, of this heavy-hearted world; waffles idealized, etherealized, spiritualized, to which our waffles are as Caliban to Prospero; waffles upon which the powdered sugar lies like rhyme upon a poem; waffles compounded of hope, faith and midsummer moonlight; waffles that lift a man (and sometimes a woman) above himself; waffles . . .

But perhaps I am digressing. Let us return to the Hauptstrasse. Beginning near the railway station, you come to Number 97, a baroque, early eighteenth century building housing the Kurpfälziche Museum, which is, as its name implies, especially rich in the art of the Palatinate. Proceeding further, you reach the Ludwigsplatz and the University, the oldest in Germany, having been founded in 1386. Immediately to the southeast is the polychrome ornamented Jesuit Church and to the southwest, the famous University Library which boasts half a million volumes, more than four thousand manuscripts, three thousand papyri and as many older documents. One of the most unusual features of the University is the student jail which does not exist for the punishment of legal misdemeanors, mayhem and other interesting crimes as is the custom of most houses of detention. The University prison is maintained only for infractions of certain codes and entrance is a severely limited affair. The cells are dignified by poetic names; the less grandiose the title the more patrician must be the student it houses. Thus the "Palais Royal" may be enjoyed by sundry (even American) undergraduates, while the mere "Grand Hotel" is reserved for the most exclusive. Chapters might be written on the student life itself, on the Heidelberg traditions of dueling, on the corps, their laws and usages, on scarred faces as hallmarks of honor—chapters, in fact, have been written on these comic-opera customs. Three of such chapters

appear in no less a work than Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad." After such detailed observation and engaging philosophizing as Twain's, it would be presumptuous for the present chronicler to enlarge upon the theme. Instead he suggests passing down the Ludwigsplatz until you reach the Marktplatz (literally Market Place), where you are held by the magnificent façade of the Gasthaus zum Ritter, one of the finest pieces of pure Renaissance architecture and one of the three houses to escape destruction in 1693. The Church of the Holy Ghost is opposite, a trefoil Gothic structure where, in the eighteenth century, the nave was walled off from the choir so that the Protestants and Catholics might use the same house of worship and not come to blows.

THE GERMAN "STOCK COMPANY"

The *Schloss* waits. But the day has been long and night offers a variety of relaxations. Opera and drama of the better (as well as the lower) class may be enjoyed for one-fifth of the price in New York; the popular, smooth-running and excellently managed stock company is everywhere in Germany. Not only in Heidelberg, but in Mannheim, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Freiburg-im-Breisgau and smaller centers one may see in mid-July the best of Shaw, the latest of Somerset Maugham, the least hackneyed of Shakespeare, to say nothing of classic and contemporary German drama-

tists. Shakespeare is actually played oftener during the season at any German summer-resort than all year in the land of his birth and tongue. Plays never performed in England or America are part of the Teutonic repertoires. I had to wait until I came to Vienna to hear "A Comedy of Errors" and the first time I saw "Coriolanus" was at Salzburg. It is a delightful irony that I remember "Titus Andronicus" (a dull play, I grant) only because of its orotund German rhetoric. . . . I thought of Buffalo, Birmingham, Des Moines, huge centers with nothing more in the way of drama than a road company once in a while and the radio substituting for opera. I thought of a week in St. Louis, a metropolis of almost a million, when the one "show" was "Nobody's Girl," a fifth-rate imitation of a second-rate musical comedy.

In Heidelberg—which, parenthetically, has less than eighty thousand inhabitants—there is a Städtischen Theater, at which the best seats cost seventy-five cents but to which students are admitted for ten cents. (The seats for "Nobody's Girl" were considered cheap at three dollars.) The repertoire included, within ten days, the latest operetta by Franz Lehar, Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," a revival of "Der Vogelhändler," a first presentation of an Edgar Wallace thriller, and a bill of three one-act operas by the most belligerently modern of latter-day composers. In a city inherently conservative, the last program was given first place; the production, though obviously not good "box-office,"

was unstinted; the costumes and settings brilliant: "Mavra," a comic-opera by Stravinsky, "Hin und zurück," a sketch with music by Paul Hindemith, and "Die Prinzessen auf der Erbsen" a musical fairy-tale —with a difference—by Ernst Toch. The Stravinsky opus was an old joke retold in dissonance; it is as though the Mozart of "Cosi fan tutti" had been lost among the kettle-drums and a disintegration of Russian folk-tunes. The Toch version of Andersen's story proved to be a maligning of the tender princess, while the pea was announced like a discharge of cannon-balls. Toch's other banalities were no less banal for being sounded simultaneously in three different keys.

HINDEMITH'S "HIN UND ZURÜCK"

The Hindemith sketch was the most uncompromising and most curious. Even the scoring was strange. One by one the orthodox members of the orchestra ceased to play; the violins left in a body; the brasses departed to a man. All that remained were two pianos (one of which was played four-handed), a bassoon, a few other woodwinds, and a parlor melodeon. Summaries are always dangerous; the résumé of such an opus demands a new breath and the historic present. Ergo:

The prelude of "Hin und zurück" ("There and Back") begins with a strong suggestion of jazz and the curtain rises on what seems to be an interior completely disorganized by a tempest and the Wiener Werkstaette.

OLD HEIDELBERG : FAÇADE OF THE RITTER

MODERN COLOGNE : THE RHINE PROMENADE

What is either the fourth dimension or a bolt of wall-paper is decorated with part of a face, a stylized rubber-plant and the fifth proposition in Euclid. There is a chair with uneven legs facing an equally dubious table, a sofa lies prone on its pillows, a cubistic spider-web serves as window. A deaf old lady, Aunt Emma, sits knitting a red sock. As she knits, it is evident that she is the Fates, the Weird Sisters, all three Norns. She sneezes. The heroine, Helene, enters in a purple wig and ignores the Household Oracle who, raising her ear-trumpet, shakes her head. Helene begins an aria built on two words ("Bright and early, early and bright"), pouring something from a rhomboidal coffee-pot into triangular cups. Robert, the husband, enters. "Here, my dear, a little nothing for your birthday." A huge box is opened, revealing a switch of yellow hair. "Just what I've always wanted." The maid appears with a great oblong of cardboard. "A letter for Madame." Robert: "From whom is that letter?" Helene: "From my seamstress." He again: "From whom is that letter?" She, repeating in a higher and more florid key: "From my seamstress." And so in a crescendo of operatic repetition: "From whom is that letter?" "From my . . ."

Suddenly Robert shouts, "You are lying," draws a revolver, fires a paper-cap. Helene falls expressionistically. The stage is flooded with green. A doctor and his assistant march in, stethoscope the wife, pronounce her dead, and solemnly march out. Robert opens the

spider-web window and dives headlong through. Aunt Emma shakes her head. "These young people!" The stage turns a vitreous blue.

An immense conical cap rises from the center of the floor. Underneath it is a wizened and croaking creature. It is The Wise Man. He explains that life is a crowded thoroughfare, that civilization is a maze of one-way streets, and that, if it is to survive, we must have a better traffic-system. As he chants, an enormous red moon (obviously a traffic-signal) swings slowly against the back-drop. The Wise Man stretches out his arm. "Should mankind STOP?" (His hand is gloved like a policeman's; a red electric bulb shines upon it.) "Should mankind GO?" (The left hand shoots out, bearing a green light.) The decision is in favor of going—or going on—for The Wise Man descends into the inscrutable pit and the moon turns an electric white. The stage is flooded with sheer incandescence.

At this point, the opera, obeying the traffic-rules, proceeds backwards. Actions, words and music reverse themselves. Aunt Emma, having finished her knitting, begins to unravel it. The spider-web opens and, feet first, Robert comes back through the window. He fires a shot. Helene jumps up from the dead. The duet is sung backward but more rapidly. The tempo increases. The maid takes out the compromising letter. The switch is replaced in the box. Exit Robert. Helene pours the coffee back into the pot, singing, "Bright and early, early and bright." Exit Helene. Aunt Emma, who has

been unremittingly busy with her needles, has unraveled the last stitch. She puts down her ear-trumpet. She sneezes. The curtain falls.

NIGHT-LIFE IN HEIDELBERG

No one thinks of retiring immediately after the theater in Heidelberg. There are a dozen restaurants, *Bierstube*, coffee-houses, *Weinkeller*. And there is, first of all, The Perkeo. To the eye, The Perkeo is an overcrowded and rather dingy Ratskeller on the Hauptstrasse a little to the west of the Ludwigsplatz. To the ear, it is a jumble of all the barbarous dialects south of Hamburg. But to the palate, it is Paradise enow. The loaf of bread has turned into a variety of salt pretzel and *Stängel*, placed before you cunningly designed to increase your thirst; the book of verse is translated into the poetry of *Leberknödel*, *Knackwurst*, *Sauerbraten;* the jug of wine foams into the sweeter mead of *Märzenbier*, *Maibock*, *Hackerbräu*, *Spatenbräu*, *Löwenbräu*, *Leopoldbräu* . . . Who can ever forget his first, second and *n*th beakers of Maibock at The Perkeo when, stimulated by more pretzels and still more beer, Nirvana opens its portals and all the angels of the Ninth Symphony, suspiciously like the flaxen-haired *Fräuleins* floating about your table, bring you eternal golden goblets and sing the Ode to Joy:

> Hail, thou Nymph from Heaven descended,
> Daughter of Elysium.

And the song follows you out of these halls (now transformed into shining Parnassus) and keeps you company down the avenue, and enlarges the moon and extends the skies, and makes you believe once more in the brotherhood of man, and wafts you upstairs, and tucks you into bed. And how you sleep!

THE HEIDELBERG SCHLOSS

Next morning, without the slightest trace of *Katzenjammer* ("cat's yammering" i.e., a hangover), you are fitter than ever. You are ready for the castle. This intricate edifice, part ruin and part restoration, was begun in the first year of the thirteenth century, enlarged in the sixteenth, and the most elaborate portions finished in the early seventeenth. The claims of Louis XIV to the Palatinate resulted in the destruction of Heidelberg and the demolition of most of the castle in 1693. Much of it was restored almost immediately after and redecoration has gone on—with more or less fortunate results—ever since. The ruins are not only more authentic but more living than the restorations. Most of the interiors have been made to resemble a combination of Swiss *Stübli* and the smoking-room of a Dutch liner. One becomes impatient with renovators. Imagine a restored Acropolis or a repainted Forum! The Coliseum is the more glamorous by moonlight precisely because the new cement, the careful archeology, the obviously modern supports are invisible. One recalls

the story of the *nouveau riche* in Italy. "Look," cried the official guide, "the Coliseum of the Romans! Is it not magnificent?" "Yes," exclaimed one of the lady tourists, "and think what it will be when it's finished!"

But you can shut your eyes to the atrocities inside the chapel and attempt to decide which of the three great façades is the finest. The Otto-Heinrichs-Bau is decidedly the most sumptuous—elegant, in the ripest sense. An early German Renaissance structure, its three imposing stories mount upon themselves in a succession of Ionic and Corinthian columns. Innumerable statues fill every niche and crevice; in true Renaissance fashion, Greek mythology, Biblical figures and metaphysical abstractions are inseparably confused. Thus Hercules stands next to David, while Faith, Hope and Charity are placed somewhat lower than Mars, Mercury and Venus. The part known as the Friedrichs-Bau is more recent and somewhat chaster. Its proportions are finer; its columns, though various in style, reach to a unified nobility. Independent of architectural metaphor, its statues mean what they say; the sixteen effigies of Charlemagne, Otho of Wittelsbach and the Palatine Counts are as graphic as any Roman bust. The Ruprechts-Bau is, by comparison, the least effective. Severely Gothic, it stands like an ugly sister between two shining Cinderellas.

THE HEIDELBERG TUN

But no amount of archeology or architecture will impress the visitor more than his first sight of the Schlosshof (castle-yard) which is the center of the irregular design. From this vantage-point, the buildings group themselves in a way which shows a charming lack of consistency in planning; the walls of the court-yard put out irrelevant ornaments like gay excrescences; ivy thrusts its sure fingers into slowly yielding stone. If you are wise, you will let the *Führer* (official guide) take you through. Otherwise you will be lost in the maze of passages, rooms, balconies, towers—and you will never see the lauded Heidelberg Tun. This mammoth cask (built in 1751) holds fifty thousand gallons of wine and is guarded by a wooden image of the dwarf Perkeo. This is as it should be, for Perkeo was originally the jester of Charles Philip and raised himself even higher than that eminence. In an age of intensive drinking, the four-foot clown outdrank any six-foot halberdier. He consumed twenty glasses of wine without pausing for breath, twenty bottles without leaving the table, twenty gallons before going to bed. In consequence, he was elevated from court-jester to cellarer, and there—in effigy and spirit—he remains to this day.

After you have made the grand tour of the castle, you will be sure to walk about the Great Terrace which

curves to the northeast. Guides are an unnecessary luxury here; the Schloss-garten lies open to all and points the way to the interior. The path runs under the Elizabeth-Pforte (Elizabeth's Gate) so-called in honor of Frederick V's consort; legend still credits him with having built it (in 1615) overnight as a birthday surprise for his English wife. Ten minutes will take you to a breath-taking corner. To the left, the castle has become a romantic unreality; its scattered segments rise, level on level, above the trees, like a song by Schumann, like a fairy-tale by Grimm, like (ultimate unreality!) a picture postcard of a castle. Below, the town of Heidelberg is a set of neatly arranged building-blocks; only an unusually patient child could have balanced the slant roofs, placed the spired church so properly, curved that blue bit of satin to simulate a river. . . . Unwillingly you leave this toy-town and descend to realism.

HEIDELBERG ENVIRONS

For those who have extra days, there are the environs —the lovely villages along the Neckar; Maulbronn, with its amazing choir-stalls; Hornberg, the castle of Goetz von Berlichingen; the enchanting Hirschhorn. For those who have an extra hour or two, there are the heights immediately behind the castle. Molkenkur, three hundred feet above and half an hour beyond the Schloss, is a restaurant with a view you will be unlikely

to forget. The Philosophenweg ("Philosopher's Path") is a memorable walk leading to the Heiligenberg whose walls date from prehistoric days and which, besides its panorama, shelters the remains of a Romanesque Abbey.

THE HÖHENWEGE (HIGH ROADS)

But Time fidgets and the Black Forest calls, and one must decide how to enter it. The motorist will, of course, disregard any but the state roads. But the walker—and who can know any wood, especially the Black Forest, except by walking?—will be happy to discover the three *Höhenwege*. The *Höhenwege* are, literally, high roads, not highroads; they rise from the plain, run over the backs of mountains and remain on the ridges (averaging two thousand feet) through the entire Schwarzwald. There are three of these high paths on which it is almost impossible to lose one's self. The first (Höhenweg I) covers the western part of the Black Forest, running from Pforzheim to Swiss Basel, and is marked with red rhomboids ◇. Höhenweg II is the middle route, running from Pforzheim to Waldshut, and is marked with red rhomboids with a vertical white line ◈. Höhenweg III runs easterly, from Pforzheim to Schaffhausen in Switzerland, and is marked with vertically divided red and black rhomboids ◈.

It will be noticed that all three mountain roads (which rarely degenerate into mere trails) begin at

Pforzheim. But it is not necessary to start from that dull manufacturing center resembling nothing so much as a cheaper North Attleboro. From Heidelberg one might, far more pleasantly (and profitably) go to Karlsruhe, spend a day and night in that rewarding city, and take a train for the little town of Herrenalb the following morning. From Herrenalb, several side-roads lead into Höhenweg II which is the route I propose to take until we reach Hinterzarten, the enchanting lake, Titisee, and thence to Freiburg-im-Breisgau. If you will follow me . . .

KARLSRUHE

THE change from Heidelberg to Karlsruhe is dramatic. Here in size and style is a definitely modern city. Nothing in it is older than the eighteenth century and, since its structures have not suffered from the whims of conquerors, one can trace the development of German architecture from the early eighteenth century French influence to the tendencies of Erich Mendelsohn and the angular stylized "cloud-scratchers." A city of 150,000, it is laid out in the shape of a fan—the Castle being at the conjunction of the ribs—making it easy for the stranger to orient himself.

The palace itself is neither better nor worse than its familiar prototypes; its semi-circular proportions are no more than pleasing, its collection of art-objects is fourth rate. Far more important is the *Kunsthalle*

(Hall of Art), a modern Romanesque building which contains representative collections of old Dutch and early German paintings.

KARLSRUHE CERAMICS

But the two things which set Karlsruhe apart are not its civic buildings or its grand Ducal mementos; the two outstanding "differences" are its ceramics and its public garden. The ceramics capture the eye first; they are in every shop window, arcade, hotel lobby. They range from the fragile and sentimental cabinet pieces through variations of animals in the liveliest Copenhagen tradition to eccentrically angled cactus pots. Nothing is more calculated to make the American feel at home than the prevalence of his Southwestern landmark. Prevalence, did I say? Predominance would be better. Every known species can be found abroad, from the thimble-size hedgehog to the giant Sahuara. The modern decorator puts its abrupt planes to striking use; the peasant in a valley to whom Arizona is only a euphonious name cultivates the exotic cactus next to his tub of plain petunias.

THE STADT-GARTEN

The *Stadt-Garten* (Public Garden) is Karlsruhe's *chef d'œuvre*. There are parts set aside for children, parts obviously designed for less uncompromising real-

ists; but most of it is the happy meeting-ground for Karlsruhers of every age. It contains an adroitly scattered Zoölogical Garden, a romantic ramble, an artificial ruin, and—as happens wherever three Germans may congregate—an excellent restaurant. Here, too, one may run through the gamut of Gambrinus, though the brews are neither so varied or intimate as at the Perkeo. The beer-connoisseur (a rapidly vanishing genius *) is almost as meticulous as the wine-bibber and knows every gradation between the pale gold Fürstenbrau and the molasses-colored Culmbacher. But for the untutored and merely thirsty, there is the Pilsener type (generally known as *helles* or light beer) and the heavier, sweeter Münchener (*dunkles* or dark beer). One may, of course, insist on the genuine Pilsener (now the product of Czecho-Slovakia) at double the price, but an order of "*Ein Glas helles*" will usually bring a light and satisfactory potation, while "*Ein Glas dunkles*" will result in something not unworthy of Munich.

No one should leave the Stadt-Garten without visiting the formal flower-gardens. To ignore them would be to miss an unusually skillful arrangement of living colors—and the peacocks. There is one particular patrician that realizes not only his own importance but the value of his setting. He will run after scraps and take crumbs as eagerly as any hen for a while; he will hop, skip and jump across a flower-bed dragging his tail

* I wrote "genus," but the printer (possibly a beer-connoisseur himself) made it "genius." Well, let it stand.

like a larger raven. But, since vanity is even greater than greed, he soon abandons a lesser appetite for a larger one—and displays his consummate artistry as well as himself. He does not spread his tail casually. Far from it. Picking his way among the stones, lifting his feet as delicately as Beau Brummell crossing the Strand, he reaches the very center of the lawn. There he stops, surveys his audience with a languor that does not hide a slight contempt, and leisurely opens his incredible jewel-box. Rigid while the last black-opal eye opens and not until the fan is set at its most effective angle, does the creature move. Then, like the best trained *mannequin*, or an esthete of the Eighteen Nineties, he pivots, slowly, that the onlookers may get the full benefit of his creation. He ignores thrown crumbs now as contemptuously as Jeritza, preparing for a top-note, would scorn a shower of pennies. Slowly, slowly, he revolves, until the dazzling display is seen from every angle and the last feather appraised. Then, with no more haste, the fan is folded, the jewels hidden; the robe of the Emperor goes back into its box. The ritual is over. The peacock, no longer disdainful of the tidbits thrown to him during the exhibition, notices part of a bun. A hop, a skip, a jump, and the snob descends to snatch a crumb from a wretchedly clothed and rather dirty errand-boy. It is time to leave the park.

CONCERTS IN KARLSRUHE

The evening can be spent almost as variously as in Heidelberg. There are two excellent theaters, the *Landestheater*, having a particularly good guest- and repertoire-system. The *Konzerthaus* offers comedies and operettas and, usually, a *Feier*. A *Feier* is a celebration that really celebrates. That is, it celebrates the thing rather than a name. Beethoven is, generally, accorded a "Festival"; Wagner a "Cycle"; Schubert (whose centenary was celebrated in 1928) rates no less than a *Feier*. The Unfinished Symphony is, if the mixed metaphor be allowed, the focal point as well as the "war-horse" of every conductor. Like Hamlet, it is fool-proof and, like Hamlet, it puts genius to the test. The less popular C Major Symphony has an even more intimate magic. Hearing it, one is again convinced that C Major is the key of affirmation. Here, after all the strident sharps and fumbling flats, is solid, simple faith. C Major—it is the key of "Die Meistersinger," that greatly yea-saying score, of the first direct symphony of Beethoven, of Mozart's "Jupiter," of Schubert's spirit. It is the very key of life.

SCHUBERT

This is especially true of Schubert in whose music there is so little evidence of struggle. In Beethoven, as in Shakespeare, we have the sense of pain and Pro-

methean vultures, of elements contending with elements, of a world desperately trying to find peace and a universe that never ceases its warfare of good and evil. Bach may be likened to Dante except that in Bach there is no Inferno; creation has overcome chaos and there remains only a Paradiso of light. But Schubert is like Keats. Here is a realm where nothing need be overcome, for struggle never existed here; everything is in the making, everything flowers of itself, quietly, confidently. It is a state of purity beyond peace, where promise and fulfillment are one, where sense is essence. It is manifest in the first measure of the Unfinished Symphony and the last beat of the music from Rosamund.

EUROPEAN HOTELS

Returning to the hotel, you are once more struck by the difference between the European and American plan. (I refer to the system, not the board-and-lodging arrangement.) In Buffalo, Cleveland and other Statlerized communities, you have no more individuality than your key. You are number 2705 and though the employees have been instructed that "the guest is always right," you have no wish and little opportunity to impress the hotel detective with your perfection. You register, one of a line of automatons, before an automatic clerk; when you leave, your bill is presented by (and to) a figure that is no more personal than an adding machine. In the European hotel, you are not a

number but a definite person. The porter greets you as though your arrival justified his previously worthless existence; the manager (always on hand) makes you feel how honored his hotel will be because of your stay and, by the time you reach your room, the lift-boy knows your name, the chambermaid brings you extra pillows, and you are At Home.

But Karlsruhe has one more claim on us. It is at the threshold of the Black Forest, and the pedestrian can do no better than postpone his entry—and the purchase of his equipment—until here. A rucksack and an extra pair of shoes are indispensable; the rest may be left to individual choice. The rucksacks are so constructed that twelve to fifteen pounds can be carried with little effort—after the first day. And the first day (if you are going to ascend to the *Höhenweg*) is, by all odds, the hardest. But that is tomorrow. Whatever the mind may carry, shoulders are free of any burden tonight. Tomorrow. . . .

BLACK FOREST: I

HERRENALB : HOHLOH : KALTENBRONN :
BESENFELD : FREUDENSTADT

BLACK FOREST: NORTHERN HALF

HERRENALB AND HOHLOH

THE BLACK FOREST is actually as black as it is painted. Except for the path and occasional clearings, the pines are almost impenetrable; the trees stand shoulder to shoulder and dark branches pass the sun along from bough to bough. The light that pushes through shows evidence of struggle, for it is drained and cloistral, a light without force, as though it were shed not from above but from underground. Quiet has its mansion, its very source of being here. But it is not a sepulchral or forbidding hush. This is a creative stillness, alive with metaphor and dream. Half-formed figures lurk among the leaves waiting for the word that shall complete them in poetry; every tree wears, with a difference, its own intimations of immortality.

BLACK FOREST

This is a wood whose every pine
  Has something different to say.
Here branches twist against a line
  The wind would urge another way.

These ragged epaulets belong
  To some gray general of the wood;

And these low-swooping boughs are strong
  Wings that protect an eagle's brood.

Here, upflung arms are priestesses',
  Arching a temple for the sun;
There, green-bronze trunks are effigies
  In niches where no light has shone.

This wash of needles is a sea,
  Suddenly swollen, suddenly thinned,
Whose tidal pulse, eternity
  Measures off in a surf of wind.

That huddled slant of yearling spruce
  Converges like a pattern of sheep.
And here, moss-deep, a man may lose
  (And thankfully) all desire but sleep.

But this is only true of the depths. The fringes of the forest, the network of little roads, the high paths are lighted with an affirmative sun and a generous sky. Only in Italy or New Mexico does blue seem as blue when pointed by the dark green of spruce-tops. The villages scatter color every few miles; the entrance at Herrenalb is a gentle paean to Wanderlust.

HERRENALB

Herrenalb is little more than an hour from Karlsruhe by electric train. If you can, arrange to leave on a holiday or a Sunday morning, for you will start in the

true pedestrian spirit. You will be accompanied not only by the native *Volkstimmung* but by a large representation of the folk itself. You will reach Herrenalb in time for an early lunch and, if you are wise, you will stop at the Hotel Post (formerly The Ox) with its elaborate iron signboard showing two effigies and a calf more gold than Aaron's. You will, for less than a dollar, be given a dinner of five courses that begins with turtle-soup, includes brook trout, ends with peach melba, and is washed down with the meady Klosterbräu, originally brewed by the neighboring Cistercian monks in 1100. You will, more or less reluctantly, join the other wanderers making their way to the woods.

The woods. There is a magic here that earth has never matched—and no one knows it better than the German. Nor does it require a poet to make the reponse; say "*Wald*" to a Bremen banker and he will burst into tears. One understands the emotion and yields to the spell with the first *Waldweg* (woodroad) that leads out of Herrenalb toward the height unjustly named *Teufelsmühle*, "The Devil's Mill." Here, it is rumored, the devil ground the black rocks from which his coffee was prepared, a huge natural basin being pointed out as his mortar. The ascent is not easy—Herrenalb is 1200 and Teufelsmühle is 2980 feet—but, in order to remain on the heights, it is necessary to attain them. These two and a half hours are the most strenuous of the trip and, since it is the first day and the pack grows heavier with each upward step and you

are not yet hardened to many miles, you will not venture much further. You rest at the little shelter at Teufelsmühle; gasp, partly because of short breath, partly because of the panorama beneath you; reënforce yourself with a cup of "devil's coffee," and proceed along the mountain ridge to Hohloh. The way is easy, a scant two hours on a level path, rising slightly at the end. Hohloh is not a village; it is merely a place over 3000 feet high where four roads intersect and make a perfect cross. Its distinguishing mark is the tower (Hohlohturm), planted in the center of the cross-roads, which affords the widest and most memorable view of this section. It is at Hohloh that the "branch road" (*Zugangsweg*) meets the chief artery (*Höhenweg II*) and, after an ascent of the tower, you follow the red rhomboids ◆ with the vertical lines for three-quarters of an hour. You arrive at Kaltenbronn and, after your first day of almost five hours' pedestrianism, the rather primitive Kurhaus is more welcome than the Ritz.

KALTENBRONN

KALTENBRONN is a quaint village twenty-seven hundred feet high in the midst of dense firs. It is here that you make your first contact with the folk who are not precisely peasant but who are still unaffected by the life of the city a few hours distant. I remember a wood-cutter here who presented me with a shrewd piece of wisdom. "When you reach a strange town and you're

looking for a cheap place to put up at, always ask a *Schutzmann* (policeman). The *Schutzmann* has a talent for sleeping well, eating well, and paying nothing." It is at Kaltenbronn, also, that you will notice those little incongruities that betray the conquest of Europe by America. On the wall of one Gasthaus six of Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties cross their expensive legs; in the bar of another, guarding the beer and pretzels, is a National Cash Register.

WOOD-MAGIC

But once on the road to Freudenstadt (*via* Besenfeld) the present is a myth. These rocks are obviously a dragon's shelter; that bird lacks only an interpreter to disclose the whereabouts of a hidden princess; dusk-woven but friendly phantoms inhabit these trees. The reality of the past is accentuated by groups of boys and girls in almost too too solid flesh. These are the *Wandervögel* ("Birds of Passage"), companies of youths who, turning from mechanical pleasures, create their own happy simplicities. In threes and fours, sometimes in companies of a dozen, these modern minstrels foot it through the ancient paths singing to the broad rhythms of a guitar. Sometimes one of them manages to lead and play the violin at the same time; sometimes a lute is swung upon a shoulder. But always the instruments are gayly and much beribboned, the voices are well-pitched and the songs are as jolly as they are German.

The years slip away and the minnesingers walk these woods again; Walther von der Vogelweide composes a new Minnelied; there are echoes of a tournament of songs as, woven on the wind, the cavalcade goes by.

GERMAN SONG AND AMERICAN

Singing is done by Germans of all ages; it is no strange thing to hear a middle-aged walker and his wife enlivening the way with a duet or school-children carrying a ballad in three voices. The Anglo-Saxons, for all their hymnals, are not a singing people. Among Americans, it is the African who presents us with tunes and rhythms which are adopted as the only distinctive American music and of which, until recently, we have been secretly ashamed. It requires alcohol to break down the national inhibition against singing, and even then the songs are not natural but turn toward an inverted bravado. The favorite song whenever red-blooded, etc., he-males collect in these bibulously united states is no more than a shout of truculence: "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here. What the hell do we care!"

BESENFELD

THE road to Besenfeld is many kinds of a road. Characteristic of the *Höhenweg*, it narrows from a forest-path to a sinuous (but well-marked) trail, broadens to a logging-road and uses or leaves the highway at

its own whim. Two hours from Kaltenbronn brings you to the block-house on the Schrammberg; in another hour you are "Auf dem Berg," walking along the arched back of the mountain. Do not trust the guide-books; their distances are invariably flattering to your speed and invariably false. The Grieben *Reiseführer* assures you that Freudenstadt can be reached in eight walking hours from Kaltenbronn. But, unless you happen to be using seven-league boots, do not believe him. It is another two hours from "Auf dem Berg" to Besenfeld (five steady hours in all) and, unless you are avid for punishment, you will rest in Besenfeld that afternoon. Here you will find, at the fifteen-room *Sonne*, a bed for fifty cents and a valuable contrast for the luxury to come at Freudenstadt. Besenfeld is a hodge-podge of a village whose chief recommendation is its *Landjäger* (a smoked and pressed sausage of formidable lineage) and the quiet conducive to a long sleep. The dogs are discreet here and even the cocks do not try to rouse the sun before his time.

THE ROAD TO FREUDENSTADT

Next morning, before you buckle the rucksack, you will pack a few sandwiches for sustenance, a bar of chocolate for sweet and strength, an orange for drink and those extra vitamins. These precautions are necessary if you do not want to go hungry until evening; Freudenstadt is (Grieben to the contrary) a full five

hours distant and—a rare lack in the Black Forest—there is no inn along the way. The wood grows denser; the forest population discloses itself. A hare bounds across your path; a more hardened rabbit disputes your right of way until the last moment; a woodcutter waits for you to make the advance but is easily domesticated and may even speak to you. The road seems to stretch itself exasperatingly. You begin to ask, "How far to Freudenstadt?" The answer is always the same. "*Eine gute viertel Stund.*" This unit of measure ("A good quarter of an hour") is idiomatic rather than exact; it implies vaguely "Not far off" and means anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour and a half.

Any season is a good one to visit the Schwarzwald. Autumn, season of mist and mellow fruitfulness, is a cool incentive to the walker. If he is free to choose, late May is possibly the most favored. The tentative experiments of Spring are asserting their full color. Green is set against green in a riot of contradictions; the gradations run from the birch's chartreuse (that most impalpable mixture) through the emerald of the poplar to the dark hunter's green of the *Tänne* (firs) which give the wood its character. Cherries are ripening, but the less forward apple-blossoms are a succession of snows. Here is a field as multi-colored and curiously divided as a crazy quilt; there a slanting meadow (a Monet in blue and yellow) is ringed with dandelions more golden than Brünnehilde's hill of fire.

The way to Freudenstadt dips and veers. Little that

man has done can be seen; even his road takes the turns suggested by Nature. There is no chance for tedium; a surprise—or at least the promise of one—lurks behind every curve. Suddenly, after five hours of silence in which no house, not even a hut, has hinted of man's brief tenancy, the town of Freudenstadt stands up like an immense clock-work toy. And, after the Kaltenbronns and Besenfelds, immense it proves to be—the *Oberamtstadt* (county seat) and the highest city of Württemberg with an altitude of 2400 feet and a population of 25,000.

FREUDENSTADT

FREUDENSTADT, hemmed in on three sides by black firs, is built on an unusual plan. Its outlying villas and hotels push themselves up the hilly Palmenwald; its center (originally intended for ducal buildings) is a most curious square. Founded as an asylum for Protestant refugees from Salzburg in 1599, later designed for a summer-palace (the columns for the court have been converted into a quadrant of arcades), Freudenstadt finally assumed prominence as a *Höhenluft Kurort*—an impressively panoramic word which, literally translated, means "High-Atmosphere-Cure-Place." Set in and about the colorful market-place, the Rathaus, the Post Office and the Schwarzwaldmuseum attain added dignity by using Duke Frederick's great columns.

FREUDENSTADT'S CURIOUS CHURCH

The most interesting structure in the city, one of the oddest buildings in Germany, is the Protestant Church. Built in 1604-1608, it is unique because of its two wings set at an exact right angle to each other. The women sit in one nave, the men in the other, as though orthodox Hebrew synagogues had prompted the separation. The pulpit and altar being placed at the point of the angle, the segregated sexes have a full view of the preacher but not of each other. Which is, perhaps, as it should be. The church possesses several modest treasures: splendidly carved choir-stalls of 1488, an archaic baptismal font, and a crucifix of the sixteenth century which has an almost miraculous shift of expression, changing, as one walks about it, from the living Christ to the dead Jesus.

But the most impressive (and the most entertaining) feature of the Freudenstadt church is its sequence of wood and stucco-reliefs. There are thirteen balanced pairs, each pair representing apposite scenes from the Old and the New Testament. Thus the Creation is matched by the Annunciation; the Fall through sin is coupled with the birth of Christ through whom that sin is redeemed; the Flood, with its bursting Ark, vigorously compares itself to the Storm on Galilee with its ship that, far from a humble fishing smack, boasts a galleried deck. Other suggestive sequels are The Cir-

cumcision of Moses and the Baptism of Jesus; The Passover Meal and the Last Supper; Jacob's Struggle with the Angel and Jesus' Struggle at Gethsemane; The Deliverance of Jonah from the Whale and the Resurrection of Christ; Elijah's Ascent into Heaven and Jesus'; The Judgment of Solomon and the Last Judgment. Some of the comparisons are strikingly exact, others are naïvely far-fetched, but all are as vivid in workmanship as in conception. Many a more advertised cathedral has yielded less than this *Evangelische Stadtkirche* and its pious panels.

FREUDENSTADT'S HOTELS

If you are wise, you will break your journey here for a day or two. Feet and back will be grateful. So, I may add, will the *hoteliers*. But it is not a one-sided gratification; the hotel-keepers in this part of the country have a weakness for Americans—even for those whose letters of credit (A.B., M.A., etc.) are unprofitably pedagogic. Two of the glories of the Schwarzwald-Hotel Waldlust are an incomparable cuisine and an autographed photo of Mary Pickford. There are no less than twenty hotels in Freudenstadt, five of the first class. But, though the Waldlust demands a slight stretching of the purse-strings, it is more than worth it. Here is a situation that few palaces can boast, bathrooms Roman in luxury and proportion, private balconies on which breakfasts (who can forget those

croissants and honey?) are served against a backdrop of more heavens than earth is usually granted. The view is surpassed only by the first distant sight of the Balearic Islands and the panorama from Bertolini's on the hill above Naples. Tired though you may be, you should rouse yourself (or leave word to be roused) for at least one sunrise. You will witness a spread of sky, a crescendo of color and the miracle of daily resurrection greater than that for which one spends a stupid night on the summit of the Rigi. There may be less mountains at Freudenstadt but there is far more dawn—and, since there is no lake-mist, a far more certain one.

THE GERMAN BATH-TOWEL

Mention has been made of the baths, a word should be said for the bath-towels. But what word? Towel is obviously incorrect since these enveloping sheets are scarcely smaller than the bath; one imagines the room to have been built around them. One can wrap oneself in this voluminous toga, impersonating Brutus and Marc Antony by turns; one can employ its folds to secrete white rabbits, flowering plants, a prestidigitator's entire stock in trade; one can, if the weather shifts, make it serve as a Moroccan burnous or a Polar igloo; it can be used for every possible purpose except drying oneself.

THE EUROPEAN FEATHER-BED

The feather-bed is another European institution and an equally mysterious one. Unlike any other bed, one does not sleep in but under it. The construction of the feather-bed is puzzling enough. Usually the top-sheet is buttoned to the (invariably turkey-red) blanket, and over this, instead of a comforter, reposes the feather bed in all its puissance *sans peur et sans reproche.* But its manipulation is far more difficult. Secure in the knowledge that no man has ever mastered it, it lies there, impossible to fold, wrap around, bend, convince or cajole. It is wrong in every respect. Its weight is calculated for sleeplessness, being too light for warmth and too heavy for comfort. Its size is cunningly inadequate; reaching only halfway up the bed, it presents problems of hunching, back-bending, chest-and-knee doubling that only a contortionist would attempt. Its bulk prevents it from being tucked in anywhere; its composition allows it to slide off everywhere. Your night, therefore, becomes one futile tussle. You are no match for the diabolic contrivance. You wonder if any one derived aid and comfort from this enemy. You finally discover its *raison d'être.* You christen it "Job's Comforter." . . . And by that time, it is time to get up.

THE SHOPS OF FREUDENSTADT

No matter how small, every German village has two well-supplied shops: the *Conditorei* (described in a pre-

vious chapter) and the *Friseur*. Freudenstadt seems the original center, the parent church of both. The *Friseur*, whose establishment is distinguished by the symbol of a brass pan, is the once inglorious village barber. Since the bobbed age (the era of the *Bubikopf*), he has become as important to the Annas as to the Alberts and, though he has not yet attained the proud American title of "Tonsorial Artist," his is an equally cosmopolitan mixture of shaving creams, waterwaves, "frictions," guarantees against grayness, and sovereign methods of permanently putting the curl in or taking the curl out of your hair. The *Friseur*, incidentally, massages, removes warts, predicts the weather, manicures, pedicures, and, when in the mood, tells fortunes. Naturally, he is the busiest man in town.

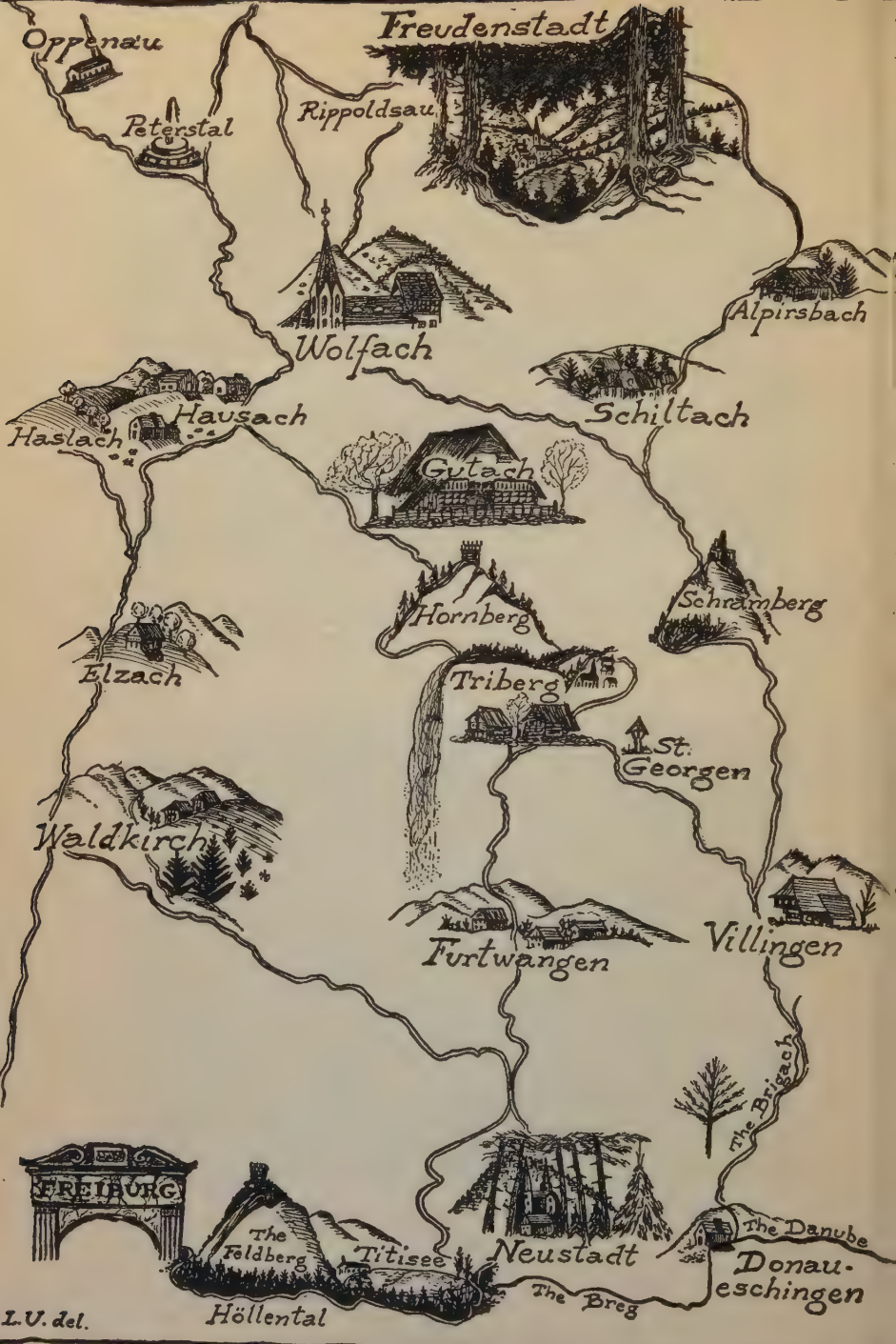
Your inclination is to remain, to dawdle, to take a few of the side-trips which can be done so easily and inexpensively *via* the government-owned *Reichspost* and *Postwagen*, chars-à-bancs and motor-buses, which radiate from here. But you must—or should—venture further south. You pick up your *Wanderstock* (the staff without which no traveler would advance a foot, not even the right one), tack a new *Stocknagel* upon it in the same spirit as one notches a gun, and hoist the rucksack upon now uncomplaining shoulders. Your last view of Freudenstadt before you plunge back into the wood, is of a gold-dusted plateau, ten miles of buttercup-fields, slopes down which the houses have outrun each other, a loop of roads, and two spires still disputing the tall firs.

THE PASSOVER MEAL AND THE LAST SUPPER

THE FLOOD AND THE STORM ON GALILEE

BLACK FOREST: II

SCHILTACH : ST. GEORGEN : TRIBERG : FURTWANGEN



BLACK FOREST: SOUTHERN HALF

SCHILTACH

You have a rich choice of roads from Freudenstadt. If you tire of footing it, numerous motors and bus-lines are waiting to take you up and down the less accessible valleys; if you long for more of your own kind, Baden-Baden, that almost Americanized summer-resort, is around the corner. But, more likely, the sojourn at Freudenstadt has both rested and stimulated you. Such is my hope, for the least familiar and most picturesque part of the country is to come.

RESUMING THE HÖHENWEG

The Höhenweg continues to remain on the heights; numerous branch-roads (*Zugangswege*) dip into the valleys. A combination of both is the most gratifying; for, by descending occasionally, you will have glimpses of village life, costumes, and customs highly individualized and local. Nowhere in Europe, except in parts of Hungary and Albania, is the folk less affected by radio and the General Motors Company. Here the ideals remain the same. The standard of life is still governed by the three K's: "*Küche, Kirche, Kinder*" —which may be high-handedly translated "Kitchen, Kirk, Kiddies."

Resuming Höhenweg II, you wind your way out of Freudenstadt and, after two hours, ascend to Oberzwieselberg, which is far more hazardous to pronounce than to climb. Most of this, after you leave the Bismarckhütte (Bismarck's Hut) is along the idyllic Rippoldsauer Weg—but of Rippoldsau more anon. It should be saved for the return journey. Oberzwieselberg is a modest but winning *Kurort* (Cure-place) surrounded by park-like woods, an excellent stop for lunch, the Gasthaus Auerhahn making a specialty of that meal for tourists. The Auerhahn may be distinguished by its challenging sign of the mountain-rooster which the unlearned, much to the sporting host's chagrin, usually mistake for a weather-cock. Mine host's local wine is equally gamey and, since the path from here is tricky, even after water, you should keep at least one good eye on the red and white signboards. These will lead you, after another two hours, to Schmiedsbergerplatz, which has a shelter and a wholly unreliable story of a giant smith who welded the rocks and hollowed the mountaintop in this particular formation—hence the name. The woods thicken, the paths dodge in and out of amphitheaters ready for "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; mischievous firs stick their roots into the middle of the road; a fatherly beech invites you to sit on his crooked knees. "The woods are lovely, dark and deep"—but you have promises to keep with your schedule and miles to go before you sleep. So on to

Maxhütte, which takes less than half an hour; twenty-five minutes more to Alten Grube; and another quarter of an hour to "Am Tor" ("At the Gate"). Here you had better rest, fortify yourself with an apple and gird up your rucksack for twenty minutes of stiff climbing. Bocksecke (literally The Goat's Corner) is the immediate objective, from which you descend and rise again (half an hour) to Salzlecke. The upward toiling is over; you proceed for an hour along the ridge, conscious of the wind that always cools the backs of mountains, to Theisenkopf with its twenty-five hundred feet.

SCHILTACH

One more hour of gradual descent, dropping almost fifteen hundred feet, and you are in the little old town of Schiltach. Schiltach has only two thousand inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in the lumber-traffic; the rest are perennially engaged in restoring the Rathaus. The Rathaus, a grandmotherly edifice, dates from 1590; a hill (the Schlossberg) preserves what remains of the castle of Schiltach; the place where the Kinzig and the Schiltach mingle is a favorite spot for the composing of rhymes and differences. But it is doubtful if you will be lured by the rivers or the ruins. Tired feet do not run to Romance, and, after nearly eight hours of steady walking, the word "ruin" has an almost personal connotation. It has been a long, un-

eventful day, empty of all excitement save that which is aroused by a curve of hill, a sudden association, a remembered thought. Schiltach, whatever else it may suggest, means a bed. That is all you know—and all you need to know.

Next morning, looking forward to a scarcely less energetic day, you do more than justice to your breakfast. You are generous. When your host inquires whether you will have eggs or ham, you suggest that you might have both and, since you are a *verrückter Ausländer* (a mad foreigner who has to be humored), you get both.

LEAVING SCHILTACH

Seven forest hours are ahead of you—and the first two are gradually but insistently upward. Leaving Schiltach at the church, you go along the fields and, keeping to the left, reach Dornacker (Thorny Acre) in an hour. Thirty minutes more brings you to Heuwies (The Hay Meadow), grossly exaggerated though the name is. The views grow steadily more expansive; here are the colored counties, stitched together as precisely as a hooked rug. Here the involved geometry of earth is a simple arrangement of planes and angles; Euclid, looking on beauty bare, would have seen his abstractions in gay greens, his propositions demonstrated in the side of a blue hill or the parabola of a black bird. Beauty is its own measure and its own solution. Ripeness is all. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Another half hour takes you across Bildstöckle to Moosenmättle. If it is time for lunch, ascend to the left and you are at Mooswaldkopf (peak of the Moss-forest) whose 2900 feet afford a magnificent outlook. You brace yourself against a windy world. You suddenly realize how hungry you are.

THE WALL-MOTTOES

You are now in the land of the wall-mottoes. Soon (if you have not noticed them already) you will see them everywhere. The South German likes his adages, and he likes them rhymed. Sentimental, sardonic, religious, irreverent, banal, bawdy, he has them across his beer-mug, over his lintel, fired on his crockery, painted along his rafters. He cannot consult the weather, eat his dinner, or count his children without their aid. They are his lares and penates, his barometer, his songbook, and oracle in one.

Examples may be collected at every Wirtschaft, inn and cross-roads. Scarcely a dining-room is without this subtle invitation and apology:

Hunger ist der beste Koch
Der je war oder wirdet noch.

Which may be translated roughly:

Away with recipes in books.
Hunger is the best of cooks!

Many of the proverbs turn on local history, even upon themselves. Thus an old house in Schiltach boasted the legend:

I am the master of my house.
Life for me is a long carouse.

Which a few years later and (so say the gossips) with good reason was parodied:

He the master? There he sits
And does whatever his wife permits!

But it would be too great a digression to list the choice specimens. Even a résumé of their kinds would be a lengthy proceeding. Nothing short of an anthology is needed. A start in this direction, a mere outline has, in fact, been undertaken. And, though your true German scholar will dismiss it as haphazard and lamentably incomplete, non-professionals may be interested in the collection which serves as Appendix C of this volume.

FOHRENBÜHL

From Moosenmättle to Fohrenbühl is a comfortable hour. You are now 2600 feet high, on the boundary-line of two states. Fohrenbühl, observing a benevolent neutrality, has an inn for each: the *Schwan* for Baden and the *Adler* for Württemberg, neither, in spite of their high-flying names, being distinguished for fine feathers. Fortify yourself again, for it will be four hours until

St. Georgen and you will do well to cool your heels—and incidentally, bathe your soles. Two and a half hours will take you over the Falkenhöhe (three-quarters of an hour from Fohrenbühl) and the Benzebene to Lindenbüble with its picturesquely deserted farmhouses. There is a slight ascent here and you find yourself on a high plateau with another "*herrlicher Aussicht*"—the guide-books are emphatic about it—and half an hour more lands you at Staude where there is mid-afternoon refreshment if you are not too particular—and you will not be. For a full hour you traverse the Hochwälderhöhe (which means, redundantly enough, The High Wooded Height) and, stopping at Rossbühl for a panorama of the town, you descend four hundred feet to medieval St. Georgen. Having walked something over seven hours, you will thank the road that brought you here.

ST. GEORGEN

ST. GEORGEN (the Saint commemorated is the English George, not, as pronounced, the Greek Gorgon) has a proud history and five thousand modest inhabitants. Its past embraces a Benedictine abbey founded in 1085 and suppressed about eight hundred years after. Its present goes hand in hand—and minute on minute—with the clock industry. There are more cuckoos in the clocks at St. Georgen than there are flying about all England. Patiently the trained time-

keepers of the Black Forest clap their wooden wings and open their music-box throats at the precise hour, while their more lawless relations occupy (and, alas, foul) the nests of others at frequent and irregular intervals. There is no use arguing about it. The younger clock-makers are starting a movement to use miniature records, bugle calls, nightingale's raptures, instead of the insistent summons. But so far the cuckoo has triumphed. Was it not Shelley who, with a more or less sarcastic second line, apostrophized him thus:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit.
Bird thou never wert!

BLACK FOREST COSTUMES

But for all their industriousness, clocks and cuckoos take second rank in St. Georgen. First place must be awarded to the *Trachten*, those local costumes which make the Black Forest seem full of picture-book folk. The valley towns are the most lavish in color, and there is scarcely a community south of Karlsruhe which does not cling to its differentiated *Volkstracht*. A wedding will bring out half a dozen varieties, but even in the fields women wear a garb so incongruous as to seem impossible. This working outfit is almost always an extremely full woolen skirt reaching to the ground, a tight bodice (usually black velvet) and a small shawl or flowered kerchief, according to the locality. In these garments they tend the pigs, glean the fields and

(*mirabile dictu!*) ride bicycles—the one concession to modernity. It is a queer thing to see a group of peasant women, old wives and young matrons leave hoeing and mount their wheels, rising over the hills like a flock of large and awkward birds.

DETAILS OF FOLK-DRESS

But it is a wedding that brings out the folk-dress at its richest. The head-dresses are especially bizarre and ornate. The bridesmaids of St. Georgen erect upon their coiled braids a structure that looks like nothing so much as a stunted Christmas tree. It is at least ten inches high, a foot wide, and, like a Christmas tree, it is strung with gilt, tinsel, and glass balls. The bride's bonnet differs only in height, width and general splendor; flowers and blown-glass fruit are frequently added to the colossal edifice and, as a last incongruity, the bride wears a white ruff from which two wide ribbons fall over a bosom upholstered with velvet, chains and embroidery. The girls of Gutach sport a simpler but no less startling headgear. An enormous-brimmed straw hat supports seven balloon-like pompons, the great red balls being made of a velvet stuff and extending beyond the head like semaphores. The young ladies of Elztal scorn such fripperies; their best bonnet is a plain two-foot scarlet stove-pipe coquettishly tied beneath the chin; the maidens of Schönachtal enjoy a similar edifice in yellow. The beauty of Breisgau would not consider

herself fit to be seen without her Gordian knot of moire ribbon standing out (and above) her head in a great stiff-winged bow. The belles of Kinzigtal go to the other extreme; they trade on the charm of a close-fitting cap made of black and gold lace with a coy suggestion of a Parisian veil. The Markgräflerin relies on the large black bow, usually of velvet, with long fringes. The Neustädterin constructs a sort of Phrygian cap from whose peak she arranges a set of complicated ribbons. The virgins of Schapbach wear their ribbons with a difference—either dignity or defiance prompts them to fold and plaster a dark pattern about the head and offset the severity with an outrageously impudent neckerchief.

The married women, as befits their circumstance, are more sedate. Though they allow themselves light shawls and brilliant aprons, their head-dress is invariably a sober though a "rich" black. It is known as a *Haube* and when a girl marries, she puts off her gay headpiece and is said to come "*unter die Haube*"—idiomatically to come "under the yoke." With the red vests and brass buttons of the men, with the neighboring villages represented in characteristic costume, a wedding in St. Georgen is a spectacle that any one—especially an American—will treasure.

LOCALIZATION VERSUS STANDARDIZATION

Why especially an American? Because the eye throughout the United States is trained to uniformity.

From an esthetic angle at least, the people of Those States are entirely too united. Standardization in clothes has gone so far that the millionaire and the milliner select the same models, and men's outfitters advertise "edited" haberdashery from Montclair to Montana. In the Black Forest every few miles brings a change in costume and decoration; every valley, almost every village is not only unlike its neighbors but insists on its differences. In America the contrary is true. To be different is to be suspect; a good citizen sinks himself in a standardized product, a slogan, an organization to increase organizations. Democracy has bred a passion for anonymity; every one wishes to be undistinguishably like every one else. You search for something corresponding to foreign color, change, individual characteristics. You travel, not hours, but days. You are handed on from one Statlerized hotel to another; you fly from Augusta to Zenith only to find the same blue-plate luncheon, the same blue serge suit, the same boiler-plate editorials, the same syndicated comic-strips, while the Western Union operator in San Diego is displaying the same $14.95 silk dress that the Bronx typist is wearing in Wall Street.

AMERICAN ARTS OF TOMORROW

Which means, since standardization is negation, that the creative spirit will have long to cry in an efficient wilderness. The apostles of a National Art will have only exceptions to cheer themselves with. The machine is

too new, too shining a toy. We have only begun to play with the radio, movietone, television, airplane, wireless-driven motors, automatic radiation, heat-making ice, electric servants. For another fifty, possibly a hundred years, American energy will express itself in mechanism, in letting the machine work for it, play for it, think for it. Not until it has exploited—and tired of —the last mechanical device, not until it stops using the tool as an end instead of a means will America turn from "labor-saving" artifice to the labor of art. And then, there will be no imposed uniformity but spontaneous diversity. There will not be an American art but American arts in unlimited variety. The cramped hills of Massachusetts will compel a poetry utterly unlike the expanse of Texas. The musician bred by the wild mountains of Utah will find a stranger—but no less native—rhythm than the composer softened by Southern California. In the time when the spirit, tired of being drugged or driven, becomes self-propelled, Connecticut and Colorado will produce a culture as indigenous—and different—as Norway and Italy.

LEAVING ST. GEORGEN

But that is the affair of the future. You are—unless you have deserted—still in St. Georgen. From here, you have your choice of roads south, towards Switzerland or a cross-country divagation. Unless you have reasons for leaving Germany, I would advise the latter. The

Black Forest has much more to offer, and to know one section thoroughly is more rewarding than a bed-and-breakfast acquaintance with a dozen. To be in this district and miss Triberg would be calamitous. But you need not miss Triberg; it is, in fact, almost impossible to avoid since it is on a direct line just three walking hours from St. Georgen. Following the road, you cross a railway embankment, keep on straight through the woods along the *Höhenweg* and, after one and a half hours, you will arrive at the Kesselberg. Another hour and a half will take you to the Stöcklewaldkopf and so to Triberg.

TRIBERG

TRIBERG, the heart of the Black Forest, lies in a narrow cleft between mountain peaks. The streets run up the surrounding pine-wooded hills; there is not a level foot. Shops, villas, beer-restaurants lift themselves neatly on each other's shoulders; roofs precariously balance on foundations. Only the exclusive Schwarzwald Waldlust Hotel plants itself solidly at the foot of the famous waterfall. Triberg, like St. Georgen, is a clock-making center and its *Gewerbehalle* (Industrial Exposition) is always open to the public. Here one may observe the whole history of time-keeping, witness the growth of a child's watch into a grandfather clock, admire the craft of Josef Fatwängler, the local wood-carver, and listen to an orchestrion which plays anything from a Strauss waltz to the "Tannhäuser"

overture without missing a grace-note or an orchestral nuance.

THE TRIBERG WATERFALL

Triberg's glory (and, for that matter, West Germany's) is its waterfall, a seven-fold cataract. Formed by the Gutach, it descends five hundred feet in seven wild leaps, diving from platforms of granite to the town. It is not a large waterfall, but its situation and spectacular divisions give it a largeness beyond size. Here you may roam or rest as the mood compels, remain overnight or proceed to Furtwangen, which is less than three hours from Triberg. Only the first half hour is difficult, for you must ascend the seemingly endless steps parallel to the waterfall, bracing yourself at each of the seven stages until you have climbed the five hundred feet of the incline. You are at the top, on a twenty-nine-hundred-foot plateau. You look for the waterfall only to find that the roaring element has turned into as mild a brook as ever moved in Tennysonian quatrains. You follow it awhile, recognize the familiar cowslips, and, at the Gasthaus zur Linde, take the main road to Schönwald.

Here you have an ample choice of caravanseries: Hotel Sommerberg (the most impressive), Hirschen (the most "local" in color), zur Sonne. Beyond Schönwald the road rises a bit; Furtwangen lies an hour and a half away. The path is altogether different from any since joining the Höhenweg. The black pines have gone and you walk through a sea of beryl-green poplars.

BRIDAL COUPLE OF ST. GEORGEN

FOLK-DRESS OF SCHONACH

Thirty minutes brings you to the Wirtshaus zum Kreuz on the Escheck, thirty-five hundred feet above sea level and the water-shed between the Rhine and the Danube. The panorama is indescribable; on a clear day the Alps are startlingly near, but even in less brilliant weather the range and sweep are thrilling. Pedestrians will do well to use the old road from here and avoid traffic on the highway. Across the back of the ridge you go, through an arcade of trees, and for an hour you proceed in a hushed march down a cathedral aisle of firs, into a widening nave. You see a few candles flickering, increasing. The lights steady; the altar changes to a factory; smoke rises from indubitable chimneys; the smell of cooking grows intimate. It is Furtwangen.

FURTWANGEN

Furtwangen, in common with Triberg, is a clock-manufacturing center, owns a similar Gewerbehalle, and has a permanent exhibition of local arts and crafts. Here the resemblance ceases. Furtwangen has no altitudinous aspirations; it stretches its modest length along a level mile; a brook dawdles through the town. A sentimental fountain faces a typically Austrian inn with its four white stories, pigeon-crowded gables and the perennial pots of red geraniums and purple petunias. A linden-tree completes the picture. The mood is definitely that of the romantic poetry glorified by Schubert.

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum.

The folk itself seems to have emanated from "Die Winterreise." Shopkeeper and shoemaker live contentedly in the nineteenth century; their present democracy affects them no more than the late monarchy; the War, the fall of the Kaiser and the more serious decline of the mark are nightmares they have endured and forgotten. Nothing could be more indicative of the villagers' temperament than the attitude of the town-cobbler. "Our *Männerchor* is going to Vienna this autumn," he said; "we're to join with a hundred other song-societies."

"Have you traveled much?"

"Me?" replied the sixty-year-old shoesmith. "I've never been out of the district."

"But Vienna is a long way. I suppose you're going to the commemoration."

"Yes," he said vaguely. "I think there's a commemoration. There'll be a festival anyway. I hear you get good things to eat in Vienna."

"But," I persisted, "you know it's the centenary of Schubert."

"Yes," he nodded. "I've heard of him. But our *Verein* doesn't sing modern songs."

The local wines at Furtwangen are almost as provincial as the cobbler. The names are of no assistance; one with a proud title may be a sour upstart, while a

mere number may be an unknown ambrosia. Unless your palate is taste-proof, take the proprietor of Grieshaber's zur Ochsen into your confidence. You will not regret it.

The next day will bring you furthest south, to the turning point where you can journey leisurely northward by an entirely different route or take an Express to Paris. Leaving Furtwangen by the main road you pass Weinkirch, a straggling of houses, and, after an hour, you are at Kalte Herberge (Cold Shelter) which deserves its name. You are once more on the well-marked Höhenweg II. In forty-five minutes you reach Lachenhäusle (The Little Laughing House, so called because of the peculiar echo) and, though by this time you are hardened to "views," you will not forget the scene from this elevation of thirty-six hundred feet. Another hour takes you past Hohlen Graben with an unprepossessing inn to Turner with a somewhat more pretentious one. From Turner you can take a bus to Hinterzarten, which is just around the corner from the lovely Titisee or walk direct to that high lake from Turner (*via* Weisstannenhöhe) in three and a half hours.

TITLED HOUSES

As you proceed south, the country becomes more Swiss in tone. The hills pretend they are little brothers of the Alps; the landscape has that clean and economical character which spells Switzerland. The very towns

seem taken from a page by Gottfried Keller. Private houses begin to flaunt their mottoes as publicly as inns.

This house was built in 1869.
It may be little, but it's mine.

Patrician villas are more anxious to display their given names than plebeian barber-shops. Some, like The Heather Rose and Happy Hour, are almost as unimaginative and prevalent as our own Kamp Komfort or Touristook Inn; others show a more fantastic tendency: The Gate of the Sky, Peace of the Mountain, The Last Reach, The Glimpse into Heaven.

FOREST CRUCIFIXES

As one goes south, the crucifixes increase. They grow at every cross-road, wherever a path dodges into a wood, even on the sides of farm-houses. Some are as unreal and stylized as the New Mexican *bultos;* some are Gothic in their attenuated reality. Pitched against a benevolent sky, their agony is more moving than the carefully molded Christs hanging in churches. Each low hill takes on the proportions of Calvary; beyond the cross, the sunset is apocalyptic. Who made these rude but powerful effigies? What wood-cutter turned wood-carver to pronounce those pointed ribs, intensify the tragic eyes, cross the despairing feet? What unhappy and devout peasant awaited the miracle as he prayed to what he had just created? But the wind blows

and the sun shines on the just and the unjust; and the wooden limbs shrink and the thin head sinks lower. What comfort can ever issue from those shut lips, what bread be broken from this time-tortured body?

The hotels at Titisee offer every comfort, the tables are rich with the most unseasonable delicacies. You accept them all.

BLACK FOREST: III

TITISEE : HÖLLENTAL : FREIBURG :
WALDKIRCH : HAUSACH

TITISEE

THE TITISEE is almost as dark as the surrounding forests. Emerald in the morning, deep jade at dusk, its waters lie in an old glacier bed. That, and its depth of one hundred and thirty feet, give the lake a somewhat forbidding tone—forbidding at least to swimmers. Boatmen have no such inhibition. From the time the first daily walkers arrive from Hinterzarten to the hour when the last char-à-bancs leaves for Basel, the green bosom is stippled with gay skiffs, striped-awning motor-boats, canoes with the inevitable mandolin. Titisee is an all-year resort, especially favored in summer. Two first-class hotels with gardens the size of small estates lie immediately on the lake. Innumerable promenades, picnic-grounds, excursions, etc. . . . And, less than four walking hours distant, is Freiburg the unique, Freiburg-im-Breisgau.

To reach Freiburg, you retrace the short path to Hinterzarten. The way lies through a wood so orderly as to seem a park. Benches line the road; finger-posts are more numerous (and far more courteous) than in Central Park; even the wild-rose has become domesticated and climbs calmly up bean-poles.

THE HÖLLENTAL

THE way to Freiburg lies through the Höllental (Valley of Hell) which is paved not only with good intentions but with two excellent roads. One is a motor highway, the other is the Jägerpfad (Hunter's path), a true thread (*pfad*) in every sense. Going to Freiburg is much simpler than coming; it is a distinct advance pictorially and a decline pedestrianly. After a short struggle at Steig (literally Climb), you find the descent almost precipitous. Down, down into the Höllental. "Down, down, to the devil." This is the limbo of the earth-bound. Nothing in the Black Forest is so startling, so unnaturally vivid, so gratifyingly sinister. The train, far off, hurtles across an unreal bridge; down below, the Ravennaschlucht yawns menacingly. Suddenly the shadow lifts; the path widens. A brook appears from the darkest corner of the cleft; flowers lift confident heads; sky breaks through the shrouded canyon. You are, appropriately enough, at Himmelreich (the Kingdom of Heaven). Nothing could be quainter than the name or broader than the implication. Truly, as Blake declared, the way to heaven lies through hell.

But before Himmelreich is reached, you will observe as wild a landscape as was ever projected by Böcklin or Doré. At the bottom of a lengthening pit, you look up and see wild crags pitched against each other, peaks defying every law of order and gravity. At Hirschsprung (Deer's Leap) the ravine is so narrow that it

takes little imagination to conjure up a rush of vaulting, infernally driven bucks. Between Hirschsprung and Falkensteig (Falcon's Rise) the canyon grows wilder and earth rises crazily into savage turrets, mad ramparts on which the poetic eye can discern imps made of sulphur and demons ready with smoking pitch. Beyond, the fabled Feldberg rears its dangerous head. And then, as the last hope faints, Inferno ends. The vale widens, human voices call, birds compete with children, an Inn hangs out its cheerful sign. It is the Kingdom of Heaven.

From here (Himmelreich), the road is less fascinating. The valley continues to broaden, the mountains retreat; summits lose their menace and the whole scene subsides into as placid a German landscape as ever graced a wall-calendar. Trains wait to take you into Freiburg (the walk is another two hours) and there are enough inns to make the wait worth while. When it comes to naming their hostelries, the Germans, for all their ingenuity, are no more imaginative than the English. There are almost as many *Weisse Rössle* in the Schwarzwald as there are White Horse Taverns in Sussex. The perennial Red Lion is matched by the ubiquitous *Löwe*. The rest of the menagerie is equally familiar: *Adler*, *Ochsen*, *Bären*, *Hirschen* . . . only the useful but unpoetic sow is excluded from the galaxy.

FREIBURG

FREIBURG, less celebrated than it deserves, has a setting more glamorous than Baden-Baden, environs and "atmosphere" as haunting as Heidelberg. Situated in the charming Dreisam valley, threaded by the river of that name, backed by friendly hills and set in a ring of woods like a jeweled cathedral in the forest, it is a city to which the traveler returns again and again. Freiburg, said some one, is not a town, it is a habit.

Freiburg's title, The Free Castle, is rather a misnomer unless it refers to the freedom with which it has changed hands. Tablets and monuments to Berthold of Zähringen and the suburb of the latter name point to the origin of the town. This was in 1091. For seven hundred years it alternated between French and Austrian rule, plundered and partially destroyed by one, rebuilt by the other. Meanwhile, it retained its indestructible character and its equally remarkable University. The much-starred Münster (or Cathedral) should be reserved for the last; its location, history and general charm design it for a climax. There is, moreover, plenty in Freiburg to lead up to it.

THE STREETS OF FREIBURG

There is, first of all, the long Kaiserstrasse which quaintly imposes modernity on medievalism. Here are

the most *mondaine* of shops and here are Gothic arches, Renaissance façades, oriel and mullioned windows, century-stained wall paintings, squares more brilliant than a cloth of gold. A main street whose every side-street is an irresistible invitation is a rarity, yet such is the Kaiserstrasse. It is a sentence from some half-forgotten masterpiece, a sentence studded with rhetoric but unspoiled in the adaptation, pointed in phrases and punctuated by those abrupt exclamation marks, the Schwabentor and the Martinstor, set up in the thirteenth century. On one gate, you can still see a Swabian peasant (Schwaben) bringing his wine to market; on the other, St. Martin shares his coat with an insufficiently grateful beggar.

Later but not too recent centuries persist in every byway of Freiburg. The sixteenth is at its best in the old Rathaus which faces a banal nineteenth century companion on the Franziskanerplatz. Although repainted some forty years ago, it preserves not only its pristine character but the authentic color. A carillon of twenty-five bells plays all the expected tunes except "The Chimes of Normandy." Other buildings, such as the *Haus zum Ritter* and the vaulted *Kaufhaus*, show still earlier influences; the *Kornhaus* (a granary when first built, a theater in the eighteenth century, a conference- and concert-hall today) was erected four years after Columbus "discovered" America. But the past declares itself most definitely through monuments more enduring than stone. The poetry of Freiburg is implicit

in the air; explicit in its feasts, its fairs, its public markets. The last may be witnessed daily in the Münsterplatz (to be considered later) where the fruits and flowers brilliantly vie with each other. The human note is almost primary; you never fail to find an assembly of countryfolk—Markgräfler, Breisgauer, a Kaiserstühler or two—all in their various *Trachten*, the lively native dress. The fairs occur less frequently. There are at least two—one in spring, one in autumn—where horses and cattle, wine and fruit, peasant cakes and rural craft make a ten-day *fiesta*.

FRONLEICHNAM

But the holidays are the most characteristic, and of these Fronleichnam (Corpus Christi) is the most memorable. The curious word is a composite from the middle-high German: *Fron* means "Lord," *Leichnam* does not signify (as it does today) a corpse, but the living body. The name as well as the day had its origin in the thirteenth century when Juliana of Lüttich had a miraculous vision in her cell. Eighteen years later, in 1264, Urban IV officially recognized the nun's integrity and instituted the *Festum Sanctissimi Corporis Christi*. Nowhere, not even in Southern Italy where holidays grow thicker than wild grapes, is the festival celebrated more lavishly.

At seven o'clock in the morning, bells, drums and cannon announce that high mass is being held in the

cathedral. Immediately after, the procession winds out of the square, a procession beggaring words, and, to judge from its sumptuousness, half the inhabitants of Freiburg. The order of march is too long to recount—the program lists sixty-eight divisions—but even the most careless eye cannot fail to note that every school, brotherhood and union is represented—and transformed. Here, washed as uncomfortably clean as Raphael's cherubs, are the boys from the Institute and the novices from St. Agnes, St. Elizabeth, and Nazareth; here, for all the world like the third act chorus in "Meistersinger," are the assembled guilds: the capering tailors, the Sachsian shoemakers, the Solomondaine masons, the Falstaffian vintners, the butchers, the bakers, the barbers—each with their flag and patron saint. Here, to translate literally, is the proud "Association of Hotel-Coffee-house and Pub-Employees"; here, preceding the relics of the holy Lambert and Alexander, come the fire-brigades with Shakespearian false alarums and excursions; here, under a portable heaven (*Traghimmel* being the German for canopy) is the All-Holiest attended by the archbishop himself.

By this time every bell in the county is busy bearing good tidings; voices become choric; exchange the black for white and these nuns would be vestals. The sound swells with the procession. It is, in the highest sense, pagan: the flayed Marsyas looks out of the eyes of the Crucified; Pan and Peter walk side by side. It is a sober Saturnalia, an ordered Pandemonium. The

colors emphasize it; the flowers say it over and over. Every corner fountain is a well shrined in pines that carry peonies, and birches that are somehow rose-bearing; the Kaiserstrasse is a succession of bowers. Where yesterday were trade-entrances of competitive windows, today the only rivalry is among moon-white and amethyst rhododendrons, larkspur-blue and royal purple delphinium, orange lilies and sprays of silver syringa. Whole trees have been cut down to rise again; boughs are planted between cobblestones. Against this urban forest, Sinai and Nazareth blossom; the Bible is reanimated in groups of wax-figures, plaster effigies, transparencies, outdoor paintings. The city is half Birnam Wood, half Mme. Tussaud's. In front of the Stadttheater—that most impressively modern of Freiburg's enterprises—a scene from the Old Testament reveals Moses smiting the rock from whose papier-mâché depths authentic water issues, while a somewhat moth-eaten and anonymous elder grasps a loaf of genuine rye bread, differing radically from the traditional *Matzoth*. Near the Schwabentor, a dozen waxwork disciples turn from the rich man as the Master pronounces the parable of the widow's mite, and the very real children of Breisgau are lifted to touch the hem of the Messiah's gown.

Nothing is barred, nothing shuts itself up today. The door of every house is flung wide and the opening acts as a frame for life-size crucifixes, heroic St. Sebastians; every window is a niche for wood-carvings of the

VIEW OF FREIBURG WITH MINSTER

Passion set in a display that would impoverish a Fifth Avenue florist. Down the Salzgasse and up the Herrengasse the largest shop and the smallest *Wirtschaft* turn themselves literally inside out with green branches, saints, scenes from the Gospel, festoons of Papal white and yellow. Here is Lambertius, patron saint of the town, exposed to the elements in a priest's robe that would be the pride of the Anderson Galleries; here is St. Anthony preaching to a nondescript group of finches, local blackbirds, and two incongruous macaws that reflect credit on Herr Grieshaber, the taxidermist. Meanwhile the procession—and the festivities—go on and on and on. . . .

THE MÜNSTERPLATZ AND THE CATHEDRAL

Meanwhile, also, we approach the Münsterplatz, a combined market place and cathedral square comparable to Brussels. There is less glitter here but more true gold. Every building is encrusted with taste, and, less obvious to the physical eye, tradition. Something that is both grandiose and *gemütlich* emanates from these arched porticos; something greater than the statues of Maximilian, Philip, Ferdinand and Karl the Fifth, which stand above the Kaufhaus. Painted arms, basreliefs, romantic balconies are an appropriate background for the fruit-handlers and flower-sellers, vivid as their wares. Flanked with memories, strewn with color, the square is like a bridal chest with its contents

flung out. And in the center, like the tall bride herself, is the cathedral.

The image is not as affected as it seems, for, in spite of its four hundred feet, the *Münster* is anything but a masculine structure. It is half lacy, half housewifely. Celebrated as one of the finest Gothic buildings in Germany, even the twelfth century must have found it feminine. The later decorations emphasize the womanly note; the final effect is pronounced by the overwhelming number of female saints, wise and foolish virgins, the Magdalenes, Margarets and multiple Madonnas.

THE FREIBURG MADONNA

The sculptured Madonna above the side entrance typifies the spirit of the church—it is extraordinarily winning, indubitably German. She is so young, this Madonna, that one can scarcely believe in her child. She is no Empress of Heaven, no bearer of death on the cross and life everlasting. She is, now that we can see the unwise mouth and the untroubled hands, no mother at all, but a girl—obviously a cousin of the young butter-and-cheese woman. If she is any one out of the Bible, she is Eve—but a decorous Eve—a long-skirted Black Forest Eve with her basket "deep in the bells and grass." No. She is too unreservedly German to remind one of an English poem. If she is Eve at all, she is Eva, *Ev'chen* tapping an impatient toe with the

moon fumbling along the crooked alleys of Nürnberg. Eva before the fall; Marguerite before the casket. *Ev'chen—Gretchen* . . . One looks behind the statue of Our Lady for the pig-tails.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

Within, the cathedral asserts itself. Grandiose in reach and scale, it thrusts up choirs and columns that seem older than its contemporaries; if the capitals and the blind arcades make it appear elegant, it is an archiepiscopal elegance. The pulpit is not, as legend asserts, hewn from a single block but it is sufficiently impressive, and a self-portrait of the sculptor (Jerg Kempf) appearing under the steps, gives it personality. From a collector's standpoint, the two prizes are the High Altar piece, which is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of Hans Baldung Grien, and a similar triptych in the second (University) Chapel by Holbein the Younger. The less critical connoisseur will find more delight in the fourteenth century stained-glass windows, the strange Romanesque frieze at the south entrance to the ambulatory, with its antique bestiary, the carven woodwork throughout. The tower is double-starred and demands distance. Nor should the stranger on leaving miss the curious hieroglyphics cut into the buttresses on each side of the west portal. These lines and circles were put there by a Weights and Measures commission of 1270, representing the standard size of bread-loaves,

bricks, cloth-units, etc. These, needless to say, are high-water marks.

LUNCHING IN FREIBURG

You are now free for lunch or, better still, for dinner. Eating in Freiburg is not a refueling, it is a ritual. To celebrate a rite properly, you must skimp no detail. Wagnerian operas may be condensed and "cut"; not so a dinner at the Zähringer Hof (the swagger hostelry), at the Alte Burse (in the style of the sixteenth century), the Domgeist (literally Spirit of the Cathedral), where one receives decidedly more than wafers and spiritual sustenance, or the popular Kaffeehaus zur Kopf. The last, boasting a garden, is the ideal locale for lunch. Here, in the open air, you can snap your fingers at Lucullus for seventy-five cents. The ordinary three mark table d'hôte offers the always dependable noodle soup, a *Vorspeise* of eggs or fish, young roast chicken or saddle of venison, a *Torte* or *Ananas Erdbeeren*, "pineapple strawberries," so called because of their size and fragrance. Venison in Germany is no patrician dish; even the name has no lordly implications. *Rehrucken* or *Rehragout* is mere "deer stew" or peasant "roe-steak." Many visitors order it chiefly for the accompanying *Preiselbeeren*, bright garnet jewels, which are a cross between cranberries and currants. Dinner at the Café Schanz is no less worthy of a letter home. The liqueurs here may be had for a song —after which singing becomes progressively easier—

and as for the wines . . . Something about Freiburg makes the cheapest of its vintages taste like genuine Johannisberger.

PLAYS AND POSTAGE STAMPS

By this time you are in a mood for anything the Stadttheater has to offer. You are never disappointed. Even cold sobriety would be impressed by the varied operatic and dramatic repertoire. It is as flexible as one encounters in similar German towns but more brilliantly staged than most. On six successive evenings the company presented Goethe's "Egmont" with Beethoven's music, Toller's bitterly expressionistic "Hinkemann," Kalman's light opera "Gräfin Maritza," Somerset Maugham's latest drama, New York's sensational "Broadway," and Wagner's "Parsifal." . . . The mischievous brain that lives on comparisons could not help wondering what was being offered that week in Peoria or any American city six times the size of Freiburg.

A further and more general cause for Teutonic pride might be the postage stamps. Where other countries stick kings and conquerors all over their letters, Germany is the first to celebrate its real makers. Its recent stamps do not bear the likenesses of soldiers who have brought down their thousands, but sages, poets and composers who have uplifted millions. Here, speeding a schoolgirl's love-letter across the street, or rushing a package around the world, are the true deities who

annihilate time and space: Schiller, Goethe, Mozart, Beethoven, Kant, Leibnitz, Frederick the Great (not as ruler but philosopher, composer, librettist, symphonist, flautist, lyricist and bon vivant)—even Bruckner is not neglected. . . . One begins to feel a little ashamed of the eight cent General Grant.

ENVIRONS OF FREIBURG

A stay in Freiburg may be extended indefinitely, for the environs are as fascinating as the city. The excursion opportunities are numberless. There are park-like walks around the Schlossberg, whose gradual slope even the most weary traveler can ascend in an hour. The Kanonenplatz (so called because of the cannon once placed here when the Schlossberg had three Vauban forts) is a famous look-out; here, in a vignette of trees, the Münster has its most romantic setting. There is an even more level promenade to Günterstal, a suburb compared to which Freiburg is a howling metropolis. Günterstal is usually visited by the stranger at tea-time—coffee and Schnecken (those snail-fashioned buns encrusted with almonds and stuffed with raisins) are two excellent excuses for sampling the Hotel Kybburg. But any Günterstal hostelry is equipped to make a fortnight's rest memorable. The fields here and at the *Dorf* of Zähringen abound in that green silence which is actually resonant; quiet has new meanings here. Since

the neighborhood has remained unadvertised as a rest-place, it was suggested that the Freiburg villages adopt as slogan: "You furnish the dollars, we furnish the rest." But there is no Chamber of Commerce and, fortunately, the pun is untranslatable. For those steep ascenders whose vacation is just one climb after another, there is the adjacent Schau-ins-Land, or *Erzkasten* (Casket of Quartz), whose 4200 feet may be surmounted in five hours and, somewhat further, the Feldberg raises its challenging head.

Nevertheless, the time comes when you must leave Freiburg. "Muss i' denn, muss i' denn zum Städtele hinaus" you hum in your broadest and practically unused dialect, pick up your rucksack, and start northward again. Your objective is Baden-Baden, not far from the starting-point at Karlsruhe, but you will not have to retrace your steps, proceeding along entirely different roads.

Naturally, and quite properly, you pamper yourself at the beginning of the return. And, since the first few miles are the least lovely, you will be wise to take the train from Freiburg to Denzlingen, a matter of scarcely an hour. Denzlingen, possessing a fair inn and a more than tolerable late-Gothic church with a stork-tower, is the center for tours through four valleys: the Elztal, Glottertal, Simonswäldertal and Wildgutachtal, all lavish with local color. It is through the first of these that we proceed.

THE ELZTAL

The Elztal is the Schwarzwald at its tamest. No longer darkened by firs, the woods are light in texture and mood; the sinuous paths broaden to amply curving roads. Approaching the towns, the countryside has the look of New England; the smells recall Vermont. These might be the Berkshires with a German accent. Over an organ-point of pine, there are continually shifting harmonies of elder, syringa, white-butterfly locust. Granite lies close to the easy soil; the foxgloves, as well as the eagles, have a home in the rock. Here, if anywhere in Germany, the spirit of Robert Frost would be at home. Two of us, improvising our way along a stream toward Waldkirch, felt him there and, putting the idea to rhyme, imagined him describing the road (and, as every poet does, himself) in some such way:

Who owns this brook, where it may go,
And what its name, I do not know;
I understand its meaning, though.

It curves and twists through foreign pine,
Follows its bent without a sign;
Its rocks and pastures are not mine.

The countrymen who nod "Good day"
Have much to give but little to say,
And I can talk no more than they.

Yet estimates of spruce and fir
We can exchange as they occur.
The brook is our interpreter.

Disputing the names of wildflowers, trying to lure shy country children into speech, singing rounds, elaborating limericks, playing *bouts-rimés*, Famous Authors, Characters in Fiction, or any other Road-game, you find yourself walking into Waldkirch.

WALDKIRCH

WALDKIRCH is an amiable hamlet of some six thousand; a county seat surrounded by impressive heights, where gem-cutters and organ-makers revive the guild-atmosphere. The Löwen-Post is an abrupt change from the sumptuous Zähringer Hof in Freiburg. This is no modern hotel, but a hostelry with all the antique flavor that the name implies. Running water may be had in the solitary bath but not in the bedrooms which are lavish with Gargantuan (and highly utilitarian) crockery. But to compensate for the denial of modernities, mine host meets you in front of the door; there are wild strawberries and the creamiest of cheesecakes served by a picture-book Gretel of thirteen; the bed is "broad as a battlefield," and, after a night of luxurious dreamlessness, mine host, and his family and seemingly every other family in the square, press chocolate and advice upon you as you depart.

Among other exaggerations, they will tell you that every visitor to Waldkirch climbs the Kandel, that the *Damenpfad* ("Ladies' Path") is a child's romp up an imperceptible incline and that the whole thing can be managed—there and back—in time for lunch. Do not believe them. If you are in strapping form, the ascent of the Kandel's 4075 feet will cost you fully three and a half hours, and the easier path is the wagon-road that runs left from the fork along the Holzplatz, the Altersbachtal (a valley 1600 feet high) and a footpath to the top . . . Be wary of Waldkirchian directions.

HAUSACH

Nor will you accept their route to Hausach unless you are hell-bent for pedestrianism at any cost. The road for the next ten or twelve miles being hot, flat and uninteresting, you will take a train or bus as far as Elzach. The train is better and fourth class is best, for here you will ride with the peasantry in all their cleanly colorfulness. As unconscious of their bright kerchiefs and flowered bodices as you are of your town cravat, the girls of the Elztal smooth their ribbons and eye you with friendliness in which there is no flattery. They are secure in themselves; like their flowers, they are rooted in rock and their smiles are not to be confused with town coquetry, which is a flower without earth or air. . . . A wind with the taste of snow comes through the half-

open door; hints of pine overcome the hot smell of clover. We are pulling out of the valley. At Elzach we are nearing the heights again. At Haslach we are still going up; at Hausach we are at an eight hundred foot elevation.

THE SCHWARZWALD HOUSE

Here, as in the Gutachtal, the true Schwarzwald house is seen at its best. Its three chief characteristics are a huge thatched roof, long-winged eaves that almost touch the ground, and a gallery that runs the length of the roof. The great eave, so pleasing to the esthetic eye, is of course wholly utilitarian, acting as an insulator, heat-protector and water-shed. This is the more necessary for the Schwarzwald house is not merely a family dwelling; it is a combination home, hay-barn, cow-stall, chicken-coop, and, more often than not, pig-pen. Large though it is—actually bigger than three ordinary English farm-houses—it is never quite large enough for its contents. And (judging from each season's canvases) it enjoys nothing so much as sitting for its portrait.

Since Hausach is one of the most *malerisch* ("paintable") towns in the neighborhood, since it is commanded by ruins of an old fortress, and since our road branches here toward another valley, Hausach is an excellent place to break the journey. It is an interim spot, a "mountain interval," a suspension before a

major cadence. And there is, besides the usual Bahnhof hotel, the almost equally ubiquitous Hotel Hirsch. Having made the deer pun some twenty times and being too tired to think of a new one, you turn in, sample the local brew, yawn,—and sleep!

BLACK FOREST: IV

WOLFACH : RIPPOLDSAU : OPPENAU : ALLERHEILIGEN

WOLFACH

IF YOU are unmoved by the stories of Andersen (Hans Christian, not Sherwood) and the Grimm-gay tales which are the German *Hausmärchen*, do not continue further along the road. For the way north lies through magic paths in forests which are enchanted to the young-in-heart and merely wooded to the unimaginative. Here, behind this proper clump of pines, is the witch's house with its unmistakable signs: gingerbread doors and chocolate floors and crystal candy windows; there, disguised as a sheep in sheep's clothing, is a wolf we regard without loathing: the wolf whose diet—and a very sensible one—is grandmothers; this old horse, whom the unknowing would confuse with any other horse, is wise Falada himself; that shadow difficult to distinguish from the leaves is the original fox who stole the goose. Every step intensifies the mood; something is momentarily about to happen. Suspense is dominant, a suspense reflected in the following suspended rhymes which have appeared, less appropriately, in another place:

DISENCHANTMENT

Here is the German
Fairy forest;

And here I turn in,
I, the poorest
Son of an aging
Humble widow.
The light is fading;
Every shadow
Conceals a kobold,
A gnome's dark eye,
Or even some troubled
Loreley.
A ruined castle
Invites me to prowl;
Its only vassal
A frightened owl
(Most likely a princess
Under a spell)—
And what light dances
Behind that well?
Perhaps great riches
Are hidden there,
Perhaps a witch's
Magic snare.
I walk up boldly,
Though my breath falters;
But no one holds me,
Nothing alters
Except the dying
Phosphorescence

Where the rocks lie in
  Broken crescents.
These rocks are haunted
  Every one says,
And here the enchanted
  Dragon obeys
Only the youngest
  Son of a widow
Who waits the longest,
  Fearing no shadow
Of any uncommon
  Phantom in metal,
But dares to summon
  The Thing to battle.
I've said my vespers,
  I've tightened my gloves;
The forest whispers
  And chuckles and moves.
Darker and closer
  The stillness surges—
Not even the ghost of
  A rabbit emerges.
I rattle my weapons,
  I call and I call
But nothing happens,
  Nothing at all.

  Nothing at all.

SCHWARZWALD CHILDREN

It is a child's world between towns. The peasant women tossing hay in almost vertical fields are mechanical dolls; poplars turn their pinwheel-paper leaves against a blue cotton sky; the white church steeple came out of a box of building blocks. Children join you as you walk; sniggering boys with rawhide knapsacks and bare feet, schoolgirls four abreast in their uniform dress: blue calico bodices, red woolen, ankle-length skirts, hair parted in the middle and drawn tightly back, the long hair braided (often with an interwoven ribbon) and wound around the back of the head in a flat crown: the boys exactly like their grandfathers, the girls facsimiles of any Schwarzwald Hausfrau. If you are in luck, they will chatter most of the way—and it is by all means the best way—to Wolfach.

WOLFACH

Wolfach lies at the beginning of the Kinzigtal among sudden mountains. Its shape is defined by a beautiful old entrance (the town itself is ancient), an imposing *Amtshaus*, and the junction of two rivers, the Wolfbach and the Kinzig. If you are fortunate enough to arrive at dusk, you will not wait until morning to ascend the short zig-zag path which, in half an hour, will bring you to the St. Jakobs Kapelle. Here the town at sunset looks

up at you through a nest of hills. Clustered about the convent, the houses look like nothing so much as a huddle of birds, the roofs slanting their swallow-tails, tawny as the swallows' breasts.

This is the country of streams where the trout leap into the fish-basket and the *Schwarzbrod Torte* is glorified. Do not let the plebeian name deceive you; the *Schwazbrod Torte*, in order to justify its name, may have black bread among its constituents, but the finished product is like it in nothing but color. Here, masquerading under the domestic misnomer, are more spices than the East would recognize, a hugger-mugger of fat raisins, golden sultanas, syrupy currants, citron, orange-peel, chocolate—and a generous dash of that colorless but commanding essence known as *Kirchwasser*. The novice is advised that it is well to stop after the fourth portion. The Conditorei is, of course, the place for the special sweets—and the Conditorei in Wolfach is a combination of reading-room, bakery and night-club—but the Hotel and Pension zum Salmen is the place for the traveler who is finicky enough to want a bed. And here one literally goes to bed with the chickens—if the goose-feathers in the pillows do not lie.

FAIRY-TALE FOLK

Modernity has infiltrated here but tentatively. The main street, for all its chars-à-bancs, is no later than the nineteenth century, the alleys wander off into the six-

teenth. The fairy-tale atmosphere persists. "Franz Fink, Tailor" is undoubtedly the tailor who killed seven at one blow; the fishwife is no distant relation of the one who wished to be pope; and the sounds of flute, clarinet and bassoon belong obviously to the three Bremen musicians en route. Fancy is free and entertainment not much more costly in Wolfach.

Among the local adaptations of the Brothers Grimm, the following perversion is a great favorite:

THE BOY AND THE BEAR

There was—as there usually is—a tailor's apprentice whose older brothers had robbed him of everything except a pair of scissors, a violin and a piece of rope. With these three articles he went forth to seek his fortune. But, alas, no one trusted him to cut a yard of linen, no one stopped to listen to his five-finger exercises, and it seemed that the best use for his rope was to hang himself. After three years he had gained nothing more than a pocketful of pebbles. Finally, he came to a country where there was—as there usually is—a princess who had vowed never to marry until the land was rid of a scourge worse than six dragons. This was a bear who had ravaged the countryside, killed off all the sheep, and, now that the farmers had nothing more for him, was beginning to invade the capital itself. This bear was so large that one paw, which would have supplied an entire regiment with fur coats, could crush a hill of granite; his teeth were so pointed that one bite

did the work of twenty saws; his claws were so long and sharp that when he ran through a field it was as if an army of mowers had passed. A thousand suitors had wooed the princess only to scurry away at the first sight of the monster, while thirty-three more foolhardy spirits had remained for a second glimpse.

Seeing that his three possessions were secure, the tailor's lad walked boldly to the edge of the forest and, gathering a pocketful of filberts, began to eat them. Soon a crashing of boughs, as though a herd of elephants was stampeding, warned him that the bear was near. The boy continued to munch filberts. The bear plunged nearer. Now it was within twenty yards of its victim, now its rank breath was on the nape of the lad's neck. The huge jaws opened, but something—surprise or curiosity—kept them open.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Eating filberts," replied the tailor's apprentice. "Have some?" And, putting his hand in another pocket, he gave the bear a fistful of pebbles.

The bear bit and bit, but he could make no dent in the stones.

"How do you crack them?" asked the bear. "I don't seem able to do it."

"Any child knows how," answered the lad. "Just grind your teeth a little harder and you'll see."

The bear ground and ground until his teeth were worn down to the gums, whereupon the boy took out his fiddle.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the bear.

"Play something on the violin," answered the lad. "I always have a little music after my meals." And he played "Heilige Nacht" six times without stopping.

"That's better than nuts," said the bear. "Tell me, is it hard to learn?"

"Child's play," answered the tailor's apprentice. "First you put a finger on this string, then another on the second, then you draw your bow across, and that's all there is to it."

"It seems easy," nodded the bear, "and it would be nice to play myself to sleep on winter nights. Could you give me lessons?"

"Gladly," responded the boy, "and it won't take long. But before we begin, I'll have to cut your nails; otherwise you'll snap the strings." And, with his scissors, he cut the sword-like claws down to the soft flesh. Then the lad got on his knees and put his palms together.

"And what are you doing now?" asked the bear.

"Praying," answered the lad. "Before starting anything I always pray for success—and it never fails."

"It sounds sensible," murmured the bear. "I'll do it, too," and, lumbering to his knees, the great bear lifted his paws together.

Immediately, the tailor's apprentice whipped out his rope and bound the monstrous paws. With its teeth useless, claws clipped, and crushing power gone, the creature was helpless. Leading it back to the palace, the tailor's apprentice won the applause of the people, the hand of the princess, and, in a few years, the throne of

two countries. And, concludes the Wolfachian, whoever doesn't believe me must pay me a dollar.

This tale, like most fairy-tales, is, it seems to me, not only cruel but reeking with injustice. It is (again like most legends that exalt the weak and tricky) flagrantly immoral. Our sympathies, if we are not deceived by the appeal of mere youth, are all with the bear. He is an amiable monster, unaware of his monstrosity, cursed with a comprehensible weakness for flesh. Is it his fault that he is not a vegetarian? And when he turns from grosser appetites to higher things what happens to him? A more esthetic diet, a love of music, the lure of religion are his undoing. Had he resisted the desire to better himself . . . But I will not prod the cynical "moral." Meanwhile we have left Wolfach.

TOWARD RIPPOLDSAU

Still northward, the road turns toward Rippoldsau. Since it is a long rise (almost 1000 feet) and since the first ten miles are a repetition of traveled roads, you may well take an omnibus or *Postwagen* to Seebach. You are now on the *Höhenweg* again. The country is wild once more. At Seebach a valley dips to reveal a lake; a mile beyond it, bowlders pile recklessly upon themselves threatening the road; beyond them a waterfall confides its clear nonsense. Another mile discloses Klösterle, appropriately named, for the diminutive cloister was formerly a twelfth century Benedictine priory. The vil-

lage, what there is of it, is primitive, the houses ruder than most. Another mile and we are at Rippoldsau.

RIPPOLDSAU

Rippoldsau is so startling a contrast that it seems the last climax. *Bad Rippoldsau* (to give it its proudly official title), a cluster of houses edging along a defile in the narrowest part of the Wolftal, has only eight hundred inhabitants, but more than two thousand annual visitors. The *Kurhäuser*, the one hotel which combines the pleasures of high-life and a sanitarium, may be one reason. Here, among the simplest people, is every refinement of wealth, from tennis-courts and swimming-pools to breakfast-in-bed and a cuisine that would do credit to the Ritz-Carlton. Here, at the end of nowhere, the pampered ones of earth may choose mud, mineral, sun, or electric baths, a banquet for gourmets or (in a special dining-room) a diet for diabetics. An average menu in the Saal for those not suffering from anything worse than sore heels consists of cream of chicken, blue brook trout uncontaminated by plebeian bread crumbs, young gosling with chipolata, a fennel salad, a *bombe* of variegated ices and assorted marzipan cakes. A Kurhaus!

But the fascination of Rippoldsau is by no means confined to the swank hotel and its adjoining bazaar. Starting at the south foot of the Kniebis (3200 feet), innumerable paths play hide-and-seek through resonant

and almost rhetorical woods, put cautious feet on green plateaus, or scramble recklessly over toppling ridges. The embroidered fields, edged with firs and laced with streams, are as romantic as "Hermann und Dorothea" or a German postal-card. Nature has thrown, with a lavish gesture, all her colors in these acres: butter-colored kingcups, cowslips the texture of oil-cloth overlaid with gold-leaf (what did Emily Dickinson, seer though she was, mean by writing "Nature rarer uses yellow than another hue"?) pale-lilac bindweed, burly red clover, harebells clinging desperately to their stems "frail as hope" undecided whether to be faint-hearted blue or determined lavender, Queen Anne's Lace disputing whiteness with rain-washed daisies. Red thorn trees alternate with acacias. The pink horse-chestnut is almost mauve. Where the red thorn hangs its boughs with declining festoons like garlands of dwarf roses, the acacia (or horse-chestnut) points its devout candles; itself a spire, the trees' ambitious blossoms pretend to steeples of their own.

When you tire of cataloging the wildflowers and sending carved wood salad spoons to your aunts, other equally exciting diversions await. There is the ranging Kniebis to be surmounted; the Kastelstein has a long view and longer associations; the Holzwald is always ready to be rediscovered; Freudenstadt (only a few miles distant) can be visited in an afternoon; nearby are the picturesque villages of Burgbach, Schapbach, Griesbach—all, as the suffix indicates, situated on a

Bach or brook. If luck is with you, you will attend a wedding in one of these townlets or at the more self-important Peterstal, which claims to be the best of the many small baths in the Renchtal. You will be translated as suddenly as Bottom into another world.

PEASANT WEDDING

A *Bauernhochzeit* (peasant wedding), for all its ease of deportment, has a routine and decorum of its own. News of the event has traveled five towns away by grapevine telegraph and by more visible tokens. Farmers from other valleys are quick to see the parents' houses proud with green branches and the bride's prospective dwelling festooned with ribbons, paper flowers (they do not wither like natural flowers and can be used again), pine-needles (fertility symbols) and tinsel. No courier is needed to tell the time of the ceremony. On the morning of the wedding, the road thickens with bicycles, carts, Opel cars (the German version of Fords), lumber-wagons, hay rigs and conveyances too nondescript to classify. Here, behind a nag as caved as the thatch under which it lives, comes a grandfather straight out of a folk-song; there, incongruous as life, is a costumed lass of two centuries ago stuffed in the side-car of a motor-cycle.

The peasants have been up since five—possibly, since this is a gala occasion, a little earlier. The ceremony

is over by eight. By eight-thirty, the couple, the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, are seated in the village's best (and usually the only) Gasthaus. Here the near relations and a few intimate friends are entertained until sundown, sometimes until two sundowns. The world and his wife are welcome, although they, unlike the relations, must pay for food and drink. It is a not exorbitant fee, for, at the price of a pretzel, you may visit all day, dance with the bride and the attendant bridesmaids in all their tinseled glory, learn folk-lore from the village sibyls and wine-wisdom from the burgomaster.

It was the burgomaster at Griesbach who instructed our palates in the refinements of the local vintages. It was Herr Schoch who drove us over the Kniebis with the air of a chaise-postillion and it was Herr Schoch who had ventured to praise the products of the Rhine. "Yes," continued the burgomaster, "for the soft fellows of the Rhineland, the soft stuff may be good enough. But we of the hills [here he turned to us half patriotically, half apologetically] have harder palates. Give me a Badener wine any day—even the Tyroler stuff from Switzerland. You've got something on the tongue when you taste our wines, wines you'll never find in bottles. Why," said he, warming to his climax, "we produce twenty different sorts in as many nearby villages."

"Now, now," demurred Herr Schoch, looking more

and more like a combination of the Trumpeter of Säckingen and H. L. Mencken, "it's all very well to impress our foreign friends, but even a dozen kinds are a large order."

"I say twenty," insisted the burgomaster.

"Eight," replied our guide, philosopher and chauffeur.

"Well, eighteen—at least eighteen," compromised the burgomaster.

"Ten at the most," announced Herr Schoch.

Whereupon it was decided to conclude the matter by a searching test. Four of us set out to collect and appraise the evidence. Leaving the wedding dinner at which seven-tiered cakes seemed the chief diversion between courses, we continued our studies already begun at the Gasthaus zur Linde, at a rival Wirtshaus. The "open wine" ran sixty pfennig to one mark (fifteen to twenty-five cents) for each half pint, and therefore it was possible for us to pursue our researches with enthusiasm and economy. At the Tannenhof we weighed the claims of a *Kappelrodecker*, a peach-colored wine, against a pale-gold *Markgräfler* without coming to a decision. We fared next to the neighboring Peterstal, where the dry *Peterstäler* was recommended for its neutralizing effect after too many sweets, and the deep *Tiergärtner* as an antidote for headaches, gout, kidney trouble and world-weariness. Once more into our carryall and, still avid for statistics, to the top of the Kniebis where, at the Gasthof Lamm at the very border of

Württemberg, the Württemberger brands were decried and the *Durbacher-Weissherbst*, a rose-apricot wine, was praised for its suavity, the *Klingelberger Auslese*, a cloudy topaz, for its luxuriousness, and the *Rosengarten* which, less fragrant than its name, was praised for the noble pleasure of praising. But Herr Schoch suddenly remembered that a certain inn at Griesbach boasted a light-bodied liquor culled from a grape-arbor which flourished in the cemetery.

"Yes," added the burgomaster, "I recall the place. It's the Gasthaus zur Linde. And now that I think of it, there ought to be a wedding going on there today or tomorrow."

So back to Griesbach to find out; and there, at the Gasthaus zur Linde, having forgotten the object of our Odyssey, we completed the cycle. A band of six horrendous pieces had arrived; sounds of tortured tuning up made one pity the instruments. We ordered a liter of mine host's nameless graveyard distillation. Ten minutes later, the burgomaster was dancing with the bride, the bride's mother (a Lucus Cranach in color and posture) was telling how her first sweetheart wanted her to come with him to America where he now has a Gross G'schäft in the Hauptstadt of Vilmingtun, and the bridegroom was being scolded by a militant aunt for not eating the rest of his *Linzertorte*. A happy though not a merry folk; a folk in whom decency—and dignity—are inborn. Their walk, their carriage, the way heads are placed on their shoulders emphasize this as much

as their courteous, almost courtly, conversation. The more ancient the grandmother the more she reminds you of a *grande duchesse*—and the more extravagant her colored shawl.

Toward evening, the stiffness relaxed. Couples began to drift upstairs to where, unconscious of nuance, the dances, markedly rhythmic throughout, demanded a high degree of athleticism. There were waltzes of greater duration than dancing dervishes', round dances in which the heel was more important than the toe, rustic adaptations of the czardas where girls were lifted high in the air and the lads leaped continually higher, striking their buttocks with palms and heels. Throughout, the men, not the girls, were the active agents, reminding us of the time when it was not considered effeminate to be skilled in dancing, when even the Spartans caused inscriptions to be made on the Aegean rocks recording that their comrades were not only great warriors but perfect dancers.

THE TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER

When it came time to leave, our party had grown larger and more loquacious. The burgomaster was explaining the Young plan to two heavily flirtatious spinsters; an anthropologist who had been to Africa with Frobenius and who had somehow joined the party was outlining Germany's military downfall and her spiritual

rebirth. "Germany has always died in politics and lived in art because art is, first of all, an expression of spirit. It is her sense of individuality that has fostered the individualism of her music, her poetry, her science. And, because of this very emphasis on individuality, Germany will never be a great nation, though driven by the dream of being one. As a nation, she has no unified consciousness, no entity. It has always been so. Germany has been a house divided against itself since the moment a false unification was imposed on the highly individualized states; she has been a battle-ground of guild against guild, theory against theory, state against state, one 'superiority' fighting the other. Frederick the Great was the only leader who, temporarily, achieved a synthesis; and Frederick the Great triumphed—and failed—not because he was a politician but because he was—besides being a King—field-marshal and philosopher. Perhaps Germany will be complete again when she ceases to act, even to think, politically—for her diplomacy has always been stupid and arrogant—and goes back to the original separated states. Then she may produce other Spinozas, Bachs, Goethes, Leibnizes. . . ." Persuaded by his analysis, the party burst into patriotic songs and tears, stopping at the first inn at Rippoldsau to pledge in glasses of Glühwein the national heroine, that Loreley who, to the strains of siren sentimentality, lures simple folk to the rocks. Next morning, the wedding was still going on.

OPPENAU

But weddings or no, we must be up and doing with a heart for any fête. So, one way or another, over the Kniebis, avoiding the road that leads to Freudenstadt; and so, following the sign-posts of the Höhenweg to Oppenau. This road passes three old fortifications on the heights, the Alexanderschanze erected in 1734 by Duke Alexander of Württemberg; the Schwabenschanze (Swabian entrenchment) or Röschenschanze, built by Major Rösch in 1796; and the oldest, the Schwedenschanze. Of the three, the Röschenschanze is the best preserved; the Schwedenschanze, which dates from the Thirty Years' War, is little more than a few rocks returning to the parent rock. The Schwabenschanze marks the summit of the Rossbühl, some 3180 feet, after which the road reënters woods. After three hours from Rippoldsau you have your choice of roads to Oppenau; the footpath (Höhenweg) over the Kniebis, or the highway which used to be the post-road between Vienna and Paris and which affords a score of "views," particularly of the Mooswald. Within five hours, if the weather continues fair, you will be in Oppenau, a small town at the confluence of the Rench and the poetic Lierbach.

SUNDAY MORNING IN OPPENAU

If it can be managed, arrange to be in Oppenau on a Sunday morning. The best vantage is a small Conditorei

BLACK FOREST BRIDESMAIDS

BLACK FOREST WEDDING GUESTS

on the Square where you can obtain shelter and early coffee. As early as seven you will see the villagers trickling over the mountains, down the corkscrew paths, on bicycles, in carts, afoot, drawing to the square in a light rain. It is always raining lightly in Oppenau on a Sunday morning and presumably the villagers, like every one else, would like to celebrate the Sabbath by sleeping. But no; they rise as though to Judgment Day (which every Sunday may well be) and, as is appropriate for so final a function, they are clad in their choicest finery. The alleys empty; the curved street slowly fills. The nucleus is the Johanneskirche and the time is seven-thirty.

Eight o'clock. The men are here already, an unconsciously operatic group; here the *buffo*, there the *Heldentenor*, about whom gather the obvious shouts and murmurs. Now come the women, erect as though following the line of most resistance, the oldest among them sailing on like a frigate, an old hen or a marchioness without her carriage. Eight-fifteen. Now the children, stolid replicas of their parents, arrange themselves on each side of the square with intuitive effect and doll-like gravity. Eight-thirty. One becomes aware of the rude sense of "theater"; the haphazard grouping is so correct, the entrances are so skillful. The men stand to one side with broad felt hats, long red-lined black coats; those who lack the brilliant lining compensate by vests of vermilion neatly pointed with gold buttons. Opposite are the women with vari-colored kerchiefs, deeper red

skirts over which they wear aprons of a uniform Gobelin blue. The groups stand, waiting the cue of an invisible prompter, for all the world like the chorus in "Cavalleria Rusticana." If the setting were not so tidy, if the church were grander and gaudier, one might well expect a concealed orchestra to emit a few hot chords and pronounce the appearance of a whip-cracking Alfio.

Eight-forty. The reds are emphasized by two or three *Förster* (official foresters) in their sap-green suits. A stir that is not quite a motion vibrates through the square. The Bürgermeister—the only man in the village with a silk hat—comes down the street, his symbol of office reiterated by black gloves. It may be only a coincidence, but the rain stops. Eight-forty-five. Half a dozen lads disappear. At five minutes to nine, the missing boys pull the bell-ropes (and what greater pleasure can life hold for a small boy?) and the groups move, mingle, converge, to the church-steps. The sun tries an alley, sends an experimental shaft down the crooked street, lays a broad beam against the buttresses. Nine o'clock. The bells ring in approved atonality. The church draws the congregation with noiseless suction. The square is flooded with ambers. The organ unrolls its reminiscences. One misses only the tuppence-colored "Intermezzo."

Nine-fifteen. The street is empty. You stick the remaining *Hörnchen* in your pocket, shoulder your rucksack, and take the road to Allerheiligen. The straight road may be the shortest distance between the two

points, but it is not the loveliest. Running along the lyrical Lierbach, repeating its curves, supporting its watery nuances with an organ-point of windy trees, the walk is something out of a tale—a tale told to a dreaming child by a nodding nurse. The nearer to Allerheiligen, the more shadowy and persuasive it gets. It takes on actual holiness; not an austere grandeur, but a soft solemnity. The preparation is exact; by the time Allerheiligen is reached in three easy hours from Oppenau, you are in a mood that is reverential; your cap has become a hood and your stick has turned into a pilgrim's staff.

ALLERHEILIGEN

TEN minutes before Allerheiligen is sighted, you come suddenly upon Sieben Bütten, or Büttenwasserfälle. This, one of the most dramatic waterfalls in the country, owes its unpoetic name (literally Seven Tubs) to the seven stone troughs through which it spills headlong. But poetry is inherent in the precipitous descent, in the strong silver shooting through burst rock, in the seven-fold cleft and the reduplicated roar—if crystal can attain to thunder. The approach is the footpath (*via* the Luisenruhe and Teufelstein); any one that takes the carriage road misses the glory of the falls and the victory of ascending them. The 270 feet are not forbidding; steps, bridges, rails and intermittent seats punctuate the climb. But by the time the top is gained,

you feel as though you had surmounted St. Paul's on top of Everest.

Nothing is left of Allerheiligen (situated just above the waterfalls) but a half-walled field and a half acre where gray columns stand in a circle of ancient quiet. Once (in the twelfth century) this was a proud Praemonstratension abbey—the records show it was founded in 1196 by Uta of Schauenburg—now it is a ruin patronized by Sunday trippers unaware that it is one of the finest examples of Gothic. The abbey was abolished in 1803 and in the same year (could it have been a piece of divine repartee?) most of it was destroyed by a stroke of lightning. Part of the nave still stands, a fragment of tower, some steps—otherwise nothing but peace more permanent than stone. The imagination is unfettered here, free to reconstruct time-resisting walls, perfect the shattered pulpit, and build steeples that bars cannot split nor bolts bring down. The deep woods deepen the mood; every leaf fondles the syllables *Allerheiligen* (All-Hallows), *Allerheiligen.* Setting and sound say it over and over.

There is a fair inn at Allerheiligen (Mittenmayer's Kurhaus) which makes a specialty of speckled trout and, though the beds cannot claim acquaintance with a box-spring, the breath of the adjacent *Kloster*—and the *Neuweirer Mauerwein*—furnish excellent soporifics. For the more particular sleeper and the more energetic walker, there is the higher (in both senses) Kurhaus at

Ruhstein, two hours distant. There are two ways to reach Ruhstein: over the Vogelskopf (a broad *Fahrstrasse* utilized by pedestrians as well as *Postwagen*) and the Höhenweg which leads over the Schliffkopf (3465 feet). Both are excellent underfoot and overhead; both reveal panoramas that cheapen the vocabulary. The Rheinebene (Rhine plane) is a mirage made manifest; the distant spires of Strassburg stand clear of the haze; a wraith of river pushes back the horizon. Nowhere can the walker find a larger stimulus or a greater reward.

WANDERLUST

The Wanderlust must have originated here in spirit as well as name; the road is the apotheosis of all "open roads," dusty and prosaic feet turn metrical, the air sets every syllable to rhyme. One starts to improvise in a mood that is half burlesque and, before one is aware of it, verses unroll that are a composite of all the approved sentiments—and most of the sentences. This is the typical wanderlusty rhythm:

I cut a branch from a cherry-tree and take to the road again;
My stride is steady, my mind is free of how and why and when.
I lift my heart and my eyes to see what is seldom seen by men.

Whether the path may stretch or wind, whether it rains or snows,
The road cries welcome, the road is kind, knowing its friends and foes.
I shoulder my pack and follow it blind, no matter where it goes.

I walk where houses have open doors, where thatch bends down like a wing;
Where meat is baked and the fire roars and garlanded rafters sing;
Where pine and moss lay velvet floors and a wanderer walks like a king.

I cut a branch from a cheery-tree and take to the road. Amen!
My stride is steady, my mind is free of how and why and when.
The road has given its song to me—and I give it back again!

Ruhstein, two hours from Allerheiligen and some three thousand feet above sea-level, lies in a saddle between the Vogelskopf and the Altsteigerskopf. Apart from its scenic splendor, it is chiefly a large inn which belies its name (literally Stone of Quiet) by being one of the noisiest of excursion centers. Except for overnight lodging, the traveler will not remain long here, but plan for early rising and the much-anticipated Hornisgrinde.

BLACK FOREST: V

RUHSTEIN : HORNISGRINDE : HUNDSECK : BADEN-BADEN

RUHSTEIN

The breakfast at Ruhstein is always satisfactory. So is your departure, increased by the relief of quitting a clattering inn, of finding good roads and the exhilaration of mountain-air. There is a wind on the Ruhstein path and, whatever the month, the air has always the crisp tang of October. Once more the woods claim you; once more the dark pines and darker firs suggest, according to your allusive fancy, medieval mystery, a muted Witches' Sabbath, Fata Morgana, the subterranean music of Debussy. "Darker and closer the stillness surges; not even the ghost of a rabbit emerges." Other things emerge; a woodland monument, a group of nuns plagiarized from "Tannhäuser," and, after half an hour, the Wildsee. The Wildsee, sunk in a dark basin hundreds of feet below the path, is a gloomy lake inhabited by a nixie who draws her magic from the moon with the aid of a black mirror. The lake is her night-haunted looking-glass and even the least sensitive passer-by cannot repress the uncomfortable suspicion that these waters never did good to any man. If its surface is sinister by day, what may not its depths conceal by night! But the Wildsee has the allure shared by all that is unholy, and it is many minutes before you resume the road.

Now the path which has been gently climbing ascends more sharply. The turns twist about the Altsteigerskopf and the Schwarzkopf; another hour and you are at the high boundary of Württemberg and Baden. Guide-posts and marking-stones sprout as thickly as witch-grass. Still keeping to the Höhenweg, with your eyes on the broad flank of the Hornisgrinde, you rest a moment, and readjust your straps. Half an hour after leaving the two huts at the Siebelseckle, you come to the See-bach, sponsored by a small inn and almost immediately you are at the *sagenumwobenen* (legend-surrounded) Mummelsee.

THE MUMMELSEE

The Mummelsee is to the Black Forest what the Lore-ley is to the Rhine. It is the home of the Mümmelweib-chen, those delicate and disturbing water-sprites a few men have seen to the delight of the senses and the de-struction of the soul. Night was their element but they were not without power by day. Disguised as water-lilies, they spread their insinuating perfume which grew stronger as the day declined. Toward dusk the scent took on a warm-bodied fragrance; at evening the white petals extended themselves into lily-like limbs and when the moon rose, a score of ripple-smooth girls, their fin-gers dripping phosphorescent stars, floated to the sur-face of the lake and called to unwary ears. Next morn-ing, the ivory flowers lay innocent as ever, but in the cen-

ter of each blossom was a round, blood-colored stain. Once in a while, so they declare, a Mümmelweibchen would leave her lake, like Undine, for the hut or castle of some favored lad, but woe for her as well as for her paramour. The father of waters, an outraged inland Neptune, would issue from the depths, the lake would rear like a water-spout, rise from its bed, and nothing would be left of the lovers but a tangle of torn leaves.

Today, alas, the visiting youth takes no such picturesque chances at Mummelsee. There is a garden restaurant conveniently situated on the banks, there is a veranda, there is a Kurhaus, there are prosaic rowboats, there is a char-à-bancs service. A few water-lilies persist, but they are under the protection of the Schwarzwaldwerein, and the enamored fellow who goes after them risks nothing worse than a rather muddy ducking. Even the treasured seclusion has gone. The telephone connects Mummelsee with the stock-market and one may even send week-end cables. O tempora, O Morse!

THE HORNISGRINDE

Onward and upward. The first hundred-foot rise is the easiest; the second hundred is sharper; the last is sheer. All but trained pedestrians should be warned against the short-cut which is almost ladder-like. Woods screen the top until one despairs of ever attaining it—and then, abruptly, you are at the summit. This is the

Hornisgrinde, a scant four thousand feet high, which offers a view more extensive than mountains double the height. The topographical chart, a brass dial, is fuller than a compass rose. But no chart can list more than names, and these, no matter how glamorous, can never give the effect of color, the play of light, and the infinite nuances of atmosphere. For the statistically minded, let it be recorded that the Hornisgrinde commands this wide four-fold panorama: to the east is the Swabian Alb and the peaks of Höhgau; to the south lies the Black Forest with the Alps beyond; in the southwest one can see the Vosges; the west holds the great plain of the Rhine and (on clear days) the spire of the Strassburg Minster; the north is occupied by the mountains around Baden. There is an eighty-foot tower on the highest point of ground, the bareness of which contrasts curiously with the encroaching green. Achern lies below; a spiderweb of roads centers in front of the simple but satisfactory hotel.

For the more prandially inclined, let it be candidly stated that the Hornisgrinde cuisine is not as good as most, nor (since it caters chiefly to winter sportsmen) are its beds as comfortable. One will not suffer here, but one will do better at Unterstmatt, one hour away, better still at Hundseck. After Hornisgrinde we climb no more. The descent is gradual and undiminishingly beautiful. For an hour the road runs parallel to the vast Rhine plain with its intensifying layers of mist; the woods close about, open suddenly, and you are at Unterstmatt.

You are still something over three thousand feet here, but if you are not exhausted you might well push on another hour which will drop you at Hundseck.

HUNDSECK

Hundseck (literally the dog's corner) is, as nomenclature, a libel on one of the most attractive spots in the northern Black Forest. Almost three thousand feet high, its human contribution is small though important (Hundseck consists of one Kurhaus and two villas) but its situation, climate, and advantages are perfect for all except lovers of metropolitan night-life. No less than thirteen roads converge here—three highways and ten woodland paths—the walks are, therefore, almost infinite. Six weeks of daily short- and long-constitutionals will not exhaust the variety; there are so many branch and cross roads that there are always new ways and new objectives. For the faint-hearted, there is the "Old Ladies' Walk" to Sand which takes twenty minutes (the slightly more arduous but more romantic forest path is five minutes longer); for the determined tramper, there is the excursion to the Murgkraftwerk—a huge dam, reservoir and power-system, which is one of the most important of German hydraulic works—a matter of five hours.

For those who find the first too short and the second too long for their legs there are the following excellent compromises: (1) the ascent of the adjacent Mehliskopf

(3300 feet) which can be accomplished in three-quarters of an hour; (2) the ascent of the Hohe Ochsenkopf (3500 feet) which can be managed in less than two hours; (3) to Hundsbach, over the Aschenplatz—Ash-Heap—with its chapel and ruined hermitage, and across the brook in two hours; (4) further on, to Schönmünzach (four hours away), the first village in Württemberg with its interesting glass works; (5) an easy one-hour walk in the opposite direction to the neat village of Herrenwies which can be reached from a dozen picturesque approaches; (6) a magnificent view of the Rhine valley which can be obtained by walking the Mannheimer road toward Unterstmatt for fifteen minutes; (7) the almost imperative visit to Alt-Windeck, an appropriately ruined castle with one tower which acts as *Aussichtsturm, via* the so-called "Burgweg" and the village of Neusatzeck—altogether a little over two hours; (8) the descent from the cross-roads into the valley of the Oos and into Baden-Baden—less than three hours; (9) a trip to the Badener Höhe (3300 feet) *via* Sand, one of the pleasantest ways of spending a sunny hour and a half; (10)—but here let the *portier* and his conscience be your guide.

Walking is not the only pastime at Hundseck. There is a tennis court; there is a terrace which, at tea-time (and, fortunately, only at tea-time) draws what used to be known as "the carriage-trade"; there is even a dance-floor. And there is a cuisine that would do credit to any metropolis. Only at Sacher's in Vienna can one

find a more memorable *Rindfleisch mit Beilage;* the goose-liver makes superfluous a trip to Strassburg; and the Parisian Ciro's never served airier *crêpes* than Herr Maushart who, by the by, can be persuaded to leave his pans for a tilt at the net with a favored guest. Afterward, there is a long meadow for those who wish relaxation (and who does not?), wild birds to name, berries to pick, emotions to remember in tranquillity.

Best of all, Hundseck, though gratifyingly remote, is anything but inaccessible. Baden-Baden is thirty motoring minutes away and three times a day char-à-bancs (*Reichspost*) service—stopping at Sand, Plättig, and the swank sanatorium at Buhlerhöhe—will take you to the shops and theaters of the best-known watering-place in Western Germany. What more could be said for Hundseck except that it is kindly in summer, colossal in winter; that the wind in its woods is like an Easter choral by Bach; that birds and those gawkier birds of passage, the Wandervögel, like to congregate here; and that the writer, coming to Hundseck for a cup of coffee, remained six weeks.

"FAREWELL TROUT"

There is still the matter of the *Abschiedsforelle*—literally "Farewell Trout." If the departing guest has not offended the entire community, his last supper is signalized by the entry of a large silver pot, the handles of which are covered with elaborately twisted napkins. The

chef himself appears, the waitresses stand back, the pot in which the fish was cooked is reverently placed on your table which has blossomed with ferns and rose petals, the lid is lifted, the guests murmur "*Abschiedsforellen*" and the prepared rainbow is put on your plate. It is the brightly speckled trout *au naturel*—just as he glistened in his icy waters. No self-respecting cook would commit the sacrilege of subtracting the head or adding a bread crumb; fresh butter and small potatoes are the only permitted accompaniment. You slit your piscatorial Godspeed, remove the backbone, raise your glass of half-sweet Ruländer (a Hundseck specialty), invoke Herr Maushart and the gods. Ten minutes of delicate silence. Then the chef departs, the silver pot is taken away, the customary roast appears. The ritual is over.

TO BADEN-BADEN

Baden-Baden is our last objective. (The duplication signifies the town of Baden in Baden the state, to distinguish it from the Swiss Baden and the Baden near Vienna.) If you scorn the convenient omnibus, there are two easy roads for the footgoer. Both are emphatic descents, Baden-Baden having an altitude of six hundred feet, a drop of 2400 feet from the heights of Hundseck. One (the Höhenweg) leads past Sand, Plättig, Bühlerhöhe—thus far along the highway—and thence down the footpath to the Grobbachfälle, along the idyllic Grobbach to Lichtental (the "Löwen" acts as half-way

GROUP OF BLACK FOREST HOUSES

OLDEST PEASANT HOUSE IN GUTACH

inn) and so into the main artery of Baden-Baden. The other road, slightly longer, runs from Sand *via* the Geroldsauer Wasserfall. This is the less traveled and requires a little more patience. The waterfall is small but romantic; one road to the village of Geroldsau is exposed and on sunny days it is better to take the wooded way, a footpath by the sawmill and so into the scattered village at Geroldsau. In half an hour more you are in Lichtental, the pleasantest suburb of Baden-Baden, and another mile and a half brings you to the Conversationshaus, the very center of the fashionable town.

THE LICHTENTAL NUNNERY

You might well stop in Lichtental *en passant*. Lichtental boasts the pine-covered Cäcilienberg, an orphan asylum founded by a London tailor, and the Kloster (nunnery) which gives Lichtental its name and which is still occupied by a score of Cistercian nuns. The Kloster is a convent, a church with no aisles and an archway connecting it with a Grabkapelle (mortuary chapel) built in the thirteenth century. It also enshrines a legend of more recent origin. When the French, so runs the tale with a charming disregard of dates, overran the Rhineland on one of their various expeditions, Lichtental was invaded. Daily and nightly prayers went up over the countryside, nowhere more fervently than from the nunnery, where, in the Grabkapelle, the Mother of God was implored. One wet night at vespers, a dishev-

eled farmer thrust his head into the chapel, crying "Fly for your lives! The French! The French!" Without dropping a syllable, the Abbess finished her prayers, loosed her chatelaine and placed the keys like a bracelet over the Madonna's sculptured arm. At that moment, the enemy broke in the door, a horde of wild-eyed looters, and the young novices huddled gasping against the wall. Then the Madonna descended from her block of stone, walked across the floor, and, facing the leader, held out the key to the sanctuary. The candle flames guttered, burned blue, a ruddy light filled the chapel. Terror and awe fought in the minds of the invaders. Terror won, and into the rain the soldiers plunged headlong. And since that time, properly ends the legend, the sanctity of the Kloster has never been disturbed.

BADEN-BADEN

Your first impression of Baden-Baden is that this health-resort is much like any other, although on a grander scale, and that its summer population of eighty thousand, consists entirely of Americans. It does not take long for you to discover that Baden-Baden has a hundred little differences and that all your aunts and uncles—and every one else's—are the foreign delegation whose elegant headquarters is the Hotel Stephanie. (The English, who prefer less ostentatious society and the well-posted Germans with money, patronize the Kurhof which is under the same management, serves

the same *de luxe* table, but is considerably less expensive.) There are, incidentally, eight hotels of the "allerersten Ranges" (Grade A-plus) as distinguished from the eight "ersten Ranges" or merely first class hotels. There are, in addition, a score of "gut bürgerliche Häuser" (good, middle-class houses), half a dozen excellent pension-hotels on the surrounding hills, and no less than eight sanatoria, of which Dr. Dengler's (dietetic therapy) and Dr. Burger's (nervous ailments) are internationally known.

BADEN-BADEN ENVIRONS

As Baden-Baden lies in a cup-shaped hollow and as it is likely to be hot in town, summer visitors continually make little *Ausflüge* (picnics) to the environs. Kraftpost cars leave at various hours for Schloss Eberstein, Wildbad, and the Höhenkurorte of Bühlerhöhe; taxis and charmingly antiquated horse-carriages are always pulling overfed and overdressed compatriots up 2200 feet of the Merkur (which derives its name from a Roman votive-stone to Mercury found there), to the fantastically piled Felsen (porphyry rock-masses), to the Alte Schloss (or Hohenbaden) and its conveniently situated restaurant which serves the finest *Zwetschgentorte* (plum-cake) in all Europe. This is the most popular drive, but it has never been established whether its popularity is due to the pastry or the castle ruins, which date from the third century when the Romans fortified

the hill and which, extensively enlarged in 1110, was the seat of the Margraves, and was destroyed by the French in 1689. The ascent is easy (facilitated, for some, by steps) and the view at the top, which includes the Rhine valley from Speyer past Strassburg, wins every one's gasps and two of Herr Baedeker's coveted stars.

ENTICEMENTS OF BADEN-BADEN

But, except during the short hot spell, no one need stir outside the town. If beauty is the goal, there is the Lichtentaler Allee, a long promenade on the banks of the Oosbach, a toy stream, edged with patriarchal trees, bordered with flower-beds, ending in the decorated grounds of the Gönneranlagen. Here are trees so dark that night is always in them; trees so light-leafy that they move the air on windless days; and trees so yellow that they hold the sun long after the sun has gone. The Kaiserallee, less idyllic, is the more sumptuous. Here are the double arcades crammed with lace, linens, leather-goods, rugs, rhinestones, priest-robes, diamond jewelry, Karlsruhe ceramics, assorted antiquities, modernities, futurisms. . . . Here, too, is the elaborate Kurhaus, or Conversationshaus, with its great eight-columned portico, the adjacent Trinkhalle where, amidst the frescoes illustrating Black Forest myths, one may gulp down the evil-tasting waters and console one's self with Reich's relief of Baden's Guardian Spirit conferring all sorts of health upon every sort of sufferer.

And here, in front of the Kurhaus, the spick band every afternoon and evening revives the three Strausses, Waldteufel, Offenbach, Millocker and even Sidney Jones. A little further on the two famous bath establishments dispute eminence—and between them the remains of the original Roman baths are humbly huddled.

Most of Baden-Baden's festivities are *al fresco*, and for these "clothes" are not obligatory. For those who, contrariwise, prefer showing what they bought in Paris, there are sufficient opportunities. Baden-Baden has a brilliant light-and-heavy opera season. There is, also, a racing season. And a midsummer fête. And a flower carnival. And a motor-car tourney. And concerts, and guest performances, and special productions of Shaw and Shakespeare, and out-door tea-dances at the Kasino and balls and "reunions" in the Gesellschaftsräume of the Kurhaus, and . . . But only the extent of your purse can determine the extent of Baden-Baden's various methods of depleting it.

For the less affluent there are the astonishingly cheap seats at the Städtisches Theater, the rotating exhibitions, the historical museum, the *bratwurst* at the Goldene Kreuz, the folk-play at Oetigheim (the Oberammergau of Baden) in which the entire village participates and where, on a huge stage, "Joseph and His Brothers" alternates with the beloved "William Tell." There is even fishing, shooting (the hunting season is short but exciting) and swimming. In winter there are ski-platforms, toboggan slides, skating rinks; in sum-

mer, the grounds are gay with tennis-courts, a new, gayly tiled pool, a newer golf course—and, not to be behind Central Park, croquet grounds.

Nothing has been said about the hot springs, the Büttquelle which are said to be charged with radium, or the imposing baths. These have been sufficiently advertised and, in spite of its reputation as a *Kurort*, Baden-Baden is the ideal spot in which to enjoy poor health. What else is there to do but relax in its combination of luxury and *laissez faire?* What else, indeed, but to go on to Munich or St. Moritz or Milan, or (since air-travel is now established between all points in Europe at the same price as first-class railroad fare) fly to Bremen, Hamburg, Brussels, London . . . And so back to the Statue of Liberty and (in the extra-legal sense) the statute of limitations. And here you are again at home, in the arms of your family and the hands of the Customs Inspectors. Three weeks later, you try to identify your snap-shots. Köln, Freudenstadt, Bonn, Wiesbaden . . . These are names you faintly remember. And so, at last —if this book is not still lying in the deck-chair where you fell asleep—you open these pages. . . .

And so—*Auf Wiedersehen.*

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

A CONDENSED GLOSSARY

THIS is, by no means, a pocket dictionary; it is not even an outline to a German lexicon. It is merely a set of guides and translated signposts to the most common things, expressions, foods, and directions which a traveler may encounter. It is designed to make a day in a village more intelligible, the next town more accessible, and a night's lodging more comfortable.

1. THINGS, SIGNS AND DIRECTIONS

ab: from
Abort: toilet
Achtung!: look out!
an: to, at
Ausflug: excursion
Aussicht: view
Aussichtspunkt: observation point
Ausstellung: exposition, exhibition
Bahn: train
Bahnhof: station
bei: near, hard by, next to
Berg: mountain
bergauf: uphill
Bucht: bay, sometimes creek
Dom: cathedral
Dorf: village
Dörfchen: small village
durch: through
Ebene: plain
Fahrstrasse: carriage, or motor-road
Feld: field
fern: distant
Fernsprecher: telephone
Friedhof: cemetery
Fluss: stream
Gasse: lane
Gasthof } : inn
Gasthaus }
Gebäude: Building
gediegen: solid, massy
gedoppelt: double

gefährlich: dangerous
gegen: against, toward
gerade aus: straight on
Geleise: track, rail
Hauptstrasse: Main Street
hin und zurück: there and back
Hof: court, hotel
Hügel: hill
Kirche: church
Kopf: head, summit
Kuppel: dome
langsam fahren: drive slowly
Lawine: avalanche
links: left
Marktplatz: market place
Mühle: mill
Peronne: track
Pfad: path
Rathaus: town hall
rechts: right
Richtung: direction
Schanze: entrenchment
Schloss: castle
Schlucht: gorge
Schluss: end
Spitze: peak
Sprichwort: saying, proverb
Stadt: city
Städtchen: town
steigen: to climb
steil: steep
steinig: stony
Stelle: place
Strasse: street, large road
Strom: stream, river
Vorstadt: suburb
Wald: wood, forest
Waldweg: woodland road
Weg: way
Wiese: meadow
Wirtschaft: shop, business
Wirtshaus: small inn, a "pub"
zu: to, at
Zug: generally a train, or procession, but, as Mark Twain says in "The Awful German Language"—which is Appendix D in "A Tramp Abroad"—"Strictly speaking, *Zug* means pull, tug, draught, procession, flight, direction, expedition, train, caravan, passage, stroke, touch, line, flourish, feature, trait of character, lineament, chess-move, organ-stop, team, whiff, bias, drawer, propensity, inhalation, disposition . . . but that thing which it does *not* mean—when all its legitimate pendants have been hung on—has not been discovered yet."

2. ORDINARY ARTICLES

Badetuch: bath-towel
Bauerntracht: country dress
Bett: bed
Bleistift: pencil
Decke: cover
Faden: thread
Feder: pen
Fingerhut: thimble

Fülfeder: fountain pen
Fuss: foot
Gabel: fork
Glas: glass
Handschuhe: gloves
Handtuch: towel
Hemd: shirt
Kissen: pillows
Knopf: button
Krug: pitcher
Leintücher: sheets
Löffel: spoon
Messer: knife
Nadel: needle
Pantoffel: slippers
Schere: scissors
Schuhe: shoes
Seife: soap
Serviette: napkin
Socken: socks
Stecknadel: pin
Stoff: stuff, fabric
Strümpfe: stockings
Stufen: steps
Stuhl: chair
Taschentuch: handkerchief
Tasse: cup
Teller: plate
Tinte: ink
Tracht: costume
Treppe: stairway
Tuch: cloth
Wolldecke: blanket

3. FOOD

(GENERAL)

Abendbrot (*Abendessen*): supper
Bauernbrot: coarse bread
Bier (*helles*), (*dunkles*): beer (light), (dark)
Branntwein: spirits
Brot: bread
Brötchen: rolls
Butter: butter
Eier: eggs
Eierkuchen: omelet
Eier weich gekochte; Eier hart gekochte: soft-boiled eggs; hard-boiled eggs
Essig: vinegar
Fische: fish
Flasche: bottle
Fleisch: meat
Frühstück: breakfast
Gabel frühstück (*Mittagessen*): lunch
Gebackene: baked
Gebratene (*s*): fried or roasted
Gedämpfte (*s*): steamed, stewed
Gedünste (*s*): stewed
Geröstete (*s*): roasted, grilled
Haferflocken: oatmeal
Hauptmalzeit: dinner
Honig: honey
Kaffee: coffee
Käse: cheese
Knödel: dumplings
Milch: milk
Mitagessen: lunch
Obst (*Frucht*): fruit
Oel: oil

Pfannkuchen: pancakes
Rostbrot: toast
Rotwein: red wine
Rühreier: scrambled eggs
Schnitte: cut, sliced
Senft: mustard
Spätzle: small dumplings
Speisenfolge: menu, bill of fare
Spiegeleier: fried eggs
Sprudel: mineral water
Suppe: soup
Süsspeise: sweet
Tasse: cup
Tee: tea
Tunke: sauce
Verlorene Eier: poached eggs
Vorspeise: Hors d'œuvre
Wacholder branntwein: gin
Wasser: water
Wein: wine
Weisswein: white wine

SOUP (SUPPE)

Fleischbrühe: broth
Gemüsesuppe: vegetable
Gerstensuppe: barley soup
Grünkernsuppe: grain soup
Kerbelsuppe: cream of chevril
Kraftbrühe: bouillon
Linsensuppe: lentil soup
Muschelsuppe: clam chowder
Rindfleischsuppe: beef and vegetable soup
Schottische Suppe: Scotch broth
Spargelsuppe: cream of asparagus

FISH (FISCH)

Austern: oysters
Bachforellen: brook trout
Bückling: smoked white fish
Forellen: trout
Heilbutte: halibut
Herring: herring
Hummer: lobster
Kabeljau: cod
Krabben: shrimps
Krebse: crabs
Rauchherring: smoked herring
Rheinsalm: Rhine salmon
Rollmops: rolled pickled herring
Salm (*Lachs*): salmon
Sardellen: anchovies
Scholle: flounder
Seezunge: sole
Steinbutt: turbot
Zander: pike, perch

MEAT (FLEISCH)

Deutsches Beefsteak: chopped (Hamburg) steak
Ente: duck
Hammellfleisch: mutton
Hammellkeule: mutton chops
Hammellrippchen: mutton chop
Italienischer Salat: cold meat salad spiced

Junghahn gebraten: young roast chicken
Jungschweinsbraten: roast suckling pig
Gans: goose
Gänsleber: goose liver (pâté de fois gras)
Gefüllter Weisskohl: stuffed cabbage with meat
Kalbsbrust: breast of veal
Kalbskopf: calf's head
Kalbsleber: calf's liver
Kalbsnierenbraten: loin of veal
Kalte platte; kalte Aufschnitt: cold meats
Klops: meat balls
Kücken: chicken
Lammkoteletten: lamb chops
Leberknödel: liver dumplings
Mastochsenfleisch: tenderloin of beef
Mettwurst: country sausage
Ochsenfleisch: boiled beef
Ochsenrippenstück: sirloin of beef
Pfeffertopf: Westphalian pepper-pot
Ragout: stew
Rebhuhn: partridge
Rehbraten: roast venison
Rehkeule: leg of venison
Rehrücken: saddle of venison
Rindfleisch: boiled beef
Rippenstück: steak
Sauerbraten: spiced, steamed beef
Schinken: ham
Schweinepökelfleisch: salt pork
Schweinskotelett: pork chop
Speck: bacon
Taube: pigeon (squab)
Truthahn: turkey
Wiener Schnitzel: breaded veal cutlet
Wurst: sausage

VEGETABLES (GEMUSE)

Beete (Rote Rüben): beets
Bohnen: beans
Blumenkohl: cauliflower
Erbsen: peas
Erbsen und Wurzeln: peas and carrots
Gurken: cucumbers (pickles)
Karotten (Mohrrübe): carrots
Kartoffel: potatoes
Kartoffelbrei, Kartoffelmus: mashed potatoes
Kartoffelklöse: potato dumplings
Kohl: cabbage
Kopfsalad: head lettuce
Kraut: cabbage, herb
Kräuter: herbs
Meerrettich: horse radish
Perlbohnen: string beans
Pfifferlingen: small mushrooms
Pilz (Pilzling): mushroom
Reis: rice
Rosenkohl: Brussels sprouts
Rote Rüben: beets

Rotkraut: red cabbage
Rübe: turnip
Salat: salad
Schnittlauch: chives
Sellerie: celery
Spargel: asparagus
Spinat: spinach
Sprossen: Brussels sprouts
Tomatte: tomato
Wachsbohnen: wax beans
Wirsinggemüse: spring cabbage
Wirsingkohl: savoy cabbage
Zwiebel: onions

SWEETS, DESSERTS (SUSSPEISE, NACHTISCH)

Apfelmus: applesauce
Apfeltorte: apple-pie
Cremeschnitte: cream-layer (Napoleon)
Eis: ice
Fruchteis: fruit ice
Gebäck: small cakes
Gefrorenes: ice-cream
Hörnchen: sugared rolls, a sweetened *croissant*
Käse: cheese
Käseplatte: assorted cheeses
Kompott: stewed fruit
Kuchen: cake
Makronen: macaroons
Merinken: kisses (meringue)
Pfannkuchen: pancakes
Rahmeis: ice-cream
Schlagsahne: whipped cream
Schnee-Eier: meringue in custard (Floating island)
Schillerlocken: cream rolls
Strudel: Strudel. A pastry which has no English counterpart. There are several varieties, the best of which is the *ausgezogene,* composed of a sheet of extremely thin dough. This sheet is pulled out by hand over a large table, spread with fruit (apples or cherries), nuts, sugar, and butter—sometimes a cottage cheese mixture known as *Topfenstrudel*—rolled and baked. It is then sliced in portions for epicures in Heaven.
Torte: layer cake
Waffeln: sweet biscuits—sometimes waffles, but usually sugar crackers.
Windbeutel: cream puff

FRUIT, BERRIES, ETC. (OBST, BEERE, U. S. W.)

Apfel: apple
Apfelsine: orange
Aprikose: apricot
Ananas Erdbeeren: large strawberries
Ananas: pineapple
Backpflaumen: stewed prunes
Birne: pear
Blaubeeren: blueberries
Brombeeren: blackberries
Erdbeeren: strawberries
Heidelbeeren: huckleberries
Himbeeren: raspberries
Johannesbeeren: currants
Kirsche: cherry
Kronsbeeren: cranberries

Melonen: melons
Mirabelle: small yellow plum
Pfirsich: peach
Pflaume: plum
Preiselbeeren: red whortleberries, small cranberries
Ringlotte: green gage
Stachelbeeren: gooseberries
Wald Erdbeeren: small wild strawberries
Zwetchgen: blue plums, prunes

4. NUMBERS, DAYS, MONTHS, ETC.

ein: one
zwei: two
drei: three
vier: four
fünf: five
sechs: six
sieben: seven
acht: eight
neun: nine
zehn: ten
elf: eleven
zwölf: twelve
dreizehn: thirteen
vierzehn: fourteen
fünfzehn: fifteen
zwanzig: twenty
dreissig: thirty
vierzig: forty
hundert: hundred

Montag: Monday
Dienstag: Tuesday
Mittwoch: Wednesday
Donnerstag: Thursday
Freitag: Friday
Samstag, *Sonnabend*: Saturday
Sonntag: Sunday

heute: today
morgen: tomorrow
gestern: yesterday
tag: day
nacht: night
nachmittag: afternoon
abend: evening

Januar: January
Februar: February
März: March
April: April
Mai: May
Juni: June
Juli: July
August: August
September: September
October: October
November: November
Dezember: December

Neujahr: New Year
Weinachten: Christmas
Pfingsten: Whitsuntide (Pentecost)
Ostern: Easter
Allerheiligen: All Saints' Day
Fronleichnam: Corpus Christi
Himmelfahrt: Ascension
Maria Himmelfahrt: Assumption

APPENDIX B

CHIEF POINTS IN THE BLACK FOREST

The Highest Peaks

Feldberg	4900	feet
Belchen	4600	"
Hochkopf	4150	"
Kandel	4075	"
Hornisgrinde	3900	"
Blauen	3830	"
Brend	3770	"
Hohloh	3250	"

The Principal Valleys

Murgtal, Renchtal, Kinzigtal, Gutachtal, Elztal, Bregtal, Höllental, Albtal, Schluchtal, Wolfachtal, Nagoldtal.

The Mountain Lakes

Feldsee	3650	feet	high
Mummelsee	3385	"	"
Schluchsee	3125	"	"

Wildsee	3000	"	"
Titisee	2800	"	"

The Ten Most Memorable "Sights"

The ruined Abbey at Allerheiligen.

The remains of the *Alter Schloss* (Hohenbaden) at Baden-Baden.

The arcaded square and right-angled church at Freudenstadt.

The seven-leaping waterfall at Triberg.

The Rhine panorama from the tower at Hornisgrinde.

The thatched houses of the Kinzig- and Gutachtal.

The Market-place and Minster at Freiburg-im-Breisgau.

The baths and woods at Rippoldsau.

The wedding costumes in Griesbach and St. Georgen.

The road from Titisee to Freiburg *via* the Höllental.

APPENDIX C

THE BLACK FOREST ANTHOLOGY

In the Black Forest, one is struck by the prevalence of verse. The people of the Schwarzwald can scarcely enter a room, drink a glass of wine, build a house, embroider a cloth, give a present, break bread or speed the paying guest without an accompanying rhyme. In consequence, one sees homely verses and rhymed proverbs cut in rafters, painted on signboards, stitched on tablecloths, enameled on peasant crockery. Although the variations seem endless, the themes are limited in gamut: the brevity of life, the lunacy of love, the certainty of death and taxes, the panacea of wine, the sorry figure a husband cuts in his own home—in short, the same subjects one finds uplifted in the Greek Anthology and debased in Vaudeville. Rarely (though sometimes) sentimental, the tone is generally satiric, even rude—the following versions being, for the most part, freely adapted rather than strictly metrical translations.

This quatrain, a local favorite, is evidently the work of some coarser, anonymous Housman:

REMINDER

Though pain and care are everywhere,
Give freely, lass; live fully, lover.

For death's a rather long affair,
And when you die, you die all over.

This, possibly to remind the lord of creation of his true position in the universe, is a favorite on plates:

THE MASTER

I am the master of this house.
I do whatever my wife allows.

The following couplets are not, strictly speaking, local: both have become national, even universal proverbs:

FOOL

The man who shuns Wine, Woman and Song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

ANCIENT ADAGE

Away with recipes in books!
Hunger is the best of cooks.

The ensuing related verses were found in various villages. The tone of one or two is suspiciously modern, but the general idiom—to say nothing of the subject—attests the authenticity.

EVERYWHERE

Robins seize on apple-trees; bees will have their clover;
Girls believe and men deceive the whole world over.

AVE ATQUE . . .

Virgin, trim your light;
Youth, your freedom's over.
Love comes under cover,
Love goes overnight.

FOR LOVE

What a man may do for love
Even the angels must approve.
What a man, for love, has done—
That, after all, concerns no one.

NEWS

What has happened? Let me see:
I love you and you love me.
Ah, you say, but what is new?
You love me and I love you.

TO MANY COOKS

Keep love a-stewing, keep soup in the pot.
Both are enjoyable only when hot.

LEAVES AND LOVERS

When the leaf is tight and gray
Give your love "good day."

When the leaf unfolds its wing
Give your love a ring.

When the leaf inclines to fall,
She will give you all.

When the leaf begins to fly,
Kiss your love good-bye.

TORMENT ETERNAL

Love is a torment—there's no question—
Almost as great as indigestion.

CERTAINTIES

Women's love, roses they gather,
Men's honor, April weather,
Cards, and the Blessing beyond price,
Are certain—as the throw of dice.

LOVE'S LABOR

Never be disdaining
Duty as a burden.
Work on without complaining;
Love is love's only guerdon.

Sometimes the theme is satirized; love, women and marriage are treated with scant veneration, scarcely with respect. It is evident the roots of Heine were in this soil.

ETERNAL HUSBAND

Pleasure could be carried to
The last extreme of life,
If a man were married to
—Any one but his wife.

DOMESTIC PEACE

"The salmon's white."
"*Yes, dear, you're right.*"
"The salmon's blue."
"*Quite true, quite true.*"
"The salmon's gray!"
"*Just as you say.*"

UNWELCOME ADVICE

Listen, lass, if you would be
Safe from every sort of scourge in
This life-long uncertainty:
Remain a virgin.

WOMAN

A comfort but a poor companion,
Whose hands are honey, whose words are whips,
Woman is very like an onion:
We cry, and curse—and smack our lips.

FATAL HOUR

"*Husband, take your things and go*
When the hen begins to crow."
"*When the cock starts laying eggs,*
Wife, remember, you have legs!"

NO LAUGHING MATTER

If you want love, you'll have to speak
In livelier coin than verse.
No use to keep your tongue in your cheek
Or your money in your purse.

UNLUCKY HUMANITARIAN

The foolish man who boasts that he is able
To manage a horse or a woman without a bit
Will never coax a mare inside his stable;
And as for his bed—he'll sleep alone in it.

EMBARRASSMENT OF EYES

When Love suddenly grows jealous
It develops (so they tell us)
Twice two hundred eyes—or nearly—
And not one of them sees clearly.

TIME FOR EVERYTHING

Generally, promises and pearls
And bank-accounts should be refused.
Diplomats and clever girls
Know when to be seduced.

UNDEVELOPED MINES

True love and silver (says my neighbor)
Lie under every mountaintop,
But so deep down it's too much labor,
Except for experts, to dig them up.

MANY MANSIONS

Heaven is closed, proclaims the preacher,
To every weak and wayward creature.
But if we were alone a minute
I'd show you one way to get in it.

SCENE

And you believed that I was so—
Oh!
That I'd take fire and fan your glow?
No.
Do I refuse the last caress?
Yes.
What? You expected me to heed?
Indeed!
Others have done it without blame?
Shame!
Leave me. I hate you. Now you know.
Go . . .
You will? To Gretel 'cross the way?
Stay.

MISFITS

To collar a force, there is nothing more idle
Than a woman with learning, a brook with a bridle.

RECIPE

For betrothal parties, this may be of use:
Don't season your sauce till you've picked your goose.

COUNTERFEITS

False coin and a false woman—
Beware of both. They're far too common.

DESTROYERS

Fire and earthquake, winds and waters
Have done less harm than Eve and her daughters.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER

The princess in the palace, the girl who milks the cow,
Longs for the self-same title; each dreams of being
"Frau."

COOKED GOOSE

Hurry from love and marriage, hurry.
Run while you can from your desire.
The cooked goose has no time to worry
Whether it's frying-pan or fire.

GIRLS AND SPARROWS

Sparrows begin, girls end the matter
With chatter, chatter, chatter and—chatter.

OLD AND YOUNG

An old wine and a young wife
Will keep you dancing most of your life.

ANATHEMA

I've said it once and I'll say it again,
Two things can harden the mildest of men:
A nagging woman and a scratchy pen.

LOVE

What can be done for the heart or
The mind that refuses life?
What can be done for the martyr
Who wounds himself with a knife?
What can be done for Rover
Who will not surrender his fleas?
What can be done for the lover
Who clings to his disease?

WEDDING CAKE

How to bake
The wedding-cake:
First you mix
Five or six
Eggs with honey,
Milk and many
A homely pound
(Finely ground)
Of humdrum
Domestic crumb.
Then add some
Hint of clove,
Traces of
Romantic love.
Now drop in
A shred of thin
Forbidden fruit.
Flavor to suit.

Add, for spice,
A dash of lies.
Put in a mold—
And serve it cold.

But woman is not the only target of derision; man does not escape the rhymer's barbs. Shrewd observation and cynical philosophy are pointed in these shafts:

KILLJOYS

Bread would be cake and beer be nectar
If it weren't for love and the tax-collector.

TIME ENOUGH

Worker, spend your coin with laughter,
Do not be your landlord's slave;
Some fine day—or two weeks after—
There'll be time enough to save.

RESERVATION

God made the world with love and fair
Increase for every minute.
Still, it would be improved if there
Were a few less people in it.

ALAS!

Regret and fire-engines and fate
Come, like good thoughts, an hour too late.

TRAGEDY

Alas for the traveler, alas,
With thirst for a bottle and price of a glass.

IF—

If bees would work longer
We all could have honey,
The world would grow younger,
Each day would be sunny
And, having no hunger,
We'd never need money.

DISGRUNTLED GUEST

The meat is high,
The bread is dry,
The wine is bitter
And so am I.

UNBURIED

When the grass covers all that's black, as
Only grass can cover pain,
Along comes some determined jackass
And lays the whole thing bare again.

DOCTORS

The good Lord saves us from disease.
Along come the doctors and take their fees.

THREE HINTS

How to eat and slumber better?
Always pay your bills.
Wait two days to post that letter.
Never chew your pills.

DEFEATED HOUSEWIFE

Only a housewife uncommonly rash
Will fight beer-stains and tobacco-ash.

FINAL ESTIMATE

A man must live a meager life
Who doesn't, sometimes, annoy his wife.

NEVERTHELESS

The world's a mess;
Living's no good.
Nevertheless,
You eat your food.

SAUERKRAUT

Life is as heavy as sauerkraut—and it
Is pleasant to him who can stomach and stand it.

SURE CURE

Hopeless husband, cure your ill.
Drink, or pack your satchel or
Find a friend, or, better still,
Remain a bachelor.

FURY

The thing that makes me wildest, 'pon my soul,
Is some one else's lack of self-control.

BARNYARD MOTTO

When the hen lays and the cocks carouse
Nothing evil can touch your house.

When the hen crows and the cock starts laying
Only a fool would think of staying.

NOT UNTIL THEN

When there's food
Don't brood.
When there's drink
Don't think.
When there's nothing else to do,
Stew.

COLD COMFORT

What can't be mended
Can always be ended.

Frequently the philosophy is more serious, the message definitely declared. There are many *Sprichwörte* as downright and axiomatic as the following:

OPEN WINDOW

Do not despair.
The smallest window's given
Bounty of air
And a look into heaven.

ART AND CRAFT

To cut wood, call cattle, plant vineyards uphill,
Every one knows by heart.
But to do nothing, to think and be still
Is also an art.

B

If you'd keep your stomach right,
Let your food—and care—be light.

BIRD IN HAND

Don't turn from the day for the sake of a dream.
A trout in the pan is worth ten in the stream.

UPWARDS AND . . .

Roads on a mountain and prices in town—
High though they go, they are sure to come down.

MULTUM IN PARVO

Heaven is brought nearer
By the lowest and the least:
A dewdrop is the mirror
For the whole, enduring East.

AXIOM

Too much thought:
Too little wrought.

SUN-DIAL

Ignore dull days, forget the showers;
Measure only shining hours.

INVICTUS

Take up the challenge without dismay.
And if you can do it, do it today!

RAIN-BLESSING

Spring storm
Keeps the seed warm.
Light rain
Is good for the grain.
Summer shower
Brings the full flower.

TOO COMMON MIRACLES

If a rainbow rose in the West each day,
No one would ever look that way.
If sunrise came only once a year,
To watch it no price would be too dear.

SHORT SERMON

To give and forgive
Is a good way to live.

Money—the lack or abuse of it—is treated with a light, if sometimes sardonic touch. The first two of the following stanzas are extremely popular:

ELYSIUM

A little meat, a little wine, a
Little bed, a little snore.
And if I were the King of China
I couldn't ask for any more.

QUESTION

In a crony, which is worse:
A long face or a narrow purse?

A SIGN-BOARD

"Welcome! Welcome!" says mine host—
And who pays best is welcome most.

Food and drink are, not unnaturally, given a place in the short and simple iambics of the poor. Drinking-songs, though not quite extinct, are rare—radio and the phonograph have invaded the taverns—but the ancient jokes and rhymed saws hold their own.

COMPENSATION

Life, alas,
Is very drear.
Up with the glass!
Down with the beer!

ON A COFFEE-CUP

Honor to Eve whose wisdom acted;
Honor to Solomon and his queen;
But glory to him who first extracted
Magic from the coffee-bean.

TAVERN BRAVADO

To hell with the missus, to hell with sorrow.
We can be sensible tomorrow.

IDEAL GUEST

The favorite guest is one who's able
To leave no crumb upon the table.

INVITATION

Before you enter, leave outside
Worry and pride.
But if you have a snatch of song,
Bring it along.

TROUT

Look—in the brook,
How mighty the trout.
A fight, and he's out—
And how light on the hook.

ADULTERER

The man who adulterates beer and wine
Can never be punished enough.
Put him in manacles, double the fine,
And then make him swallow the stuff.

Death has its lyrics, but they are not sung to the tune of a funeral march. On the contrary, the measures are staccato and brisk.

WEIGHTY THOUGHT

A man could draw a decent breath
If life didn't, somehow, end in death.

LAMBS AND LARKS

Lambkins cavort;
Larks have a song.
Life is so short,
Death is so long.

Rhymed tombstones are scarce and most of those extant are commonplace. These two are exceptions:

AN INNKEEPER'S EPITAPH

Here is the Inn that boasts no Sign,
Yet never refused a guest.
It offers neither meat nor wine,
But a good night's rest.

"IMPERIOUS CAESAR"

Here the poorest of the poor
Is great as any Emperor;
The Kaiserin and her cleaning-woman,
Through the long night, have a bed in common.

As has been said, verses sprout in- and outdoors. Even the fields are likely to be placarded. One of the following was found in a meadow above Triberg; the second was seen in the Höllental:

ON A SIGN-POST

Wanderer, hail! But as you pass,
Walk on the road, not on the grass
So we may look and tell for true
Which are the cows and which are you.

A VARIANT

In the flowering meadows, cows
And other careless cattle browse;
So when you do the flowers wrong,
We will know where you belong.

This was copied (and translated) from a crucifix at the top of a hill on the road to Furtwangen.

ON A ROADSIDE CRUCIFIX

Traveler, pause. Remember how
Christ paid for all that you are now.
Your life, your peace, your gayety
Were bought with His long agony.
Remember, as you shift your pack,
The burden carried on His back;
Remember, as you turn this bend,
The hill that He could not descend.
The thorns pressed down, the nails drove through:
He smiled and suffered them for you.
Remember what was sacrificed,
And say a prayer for Jesus Christ.

As in Switzerland, some of the houses (especially in the southern Schwarzwald) carry mottoes of their own. The following might be considered a pattern:

CORNERSTONE

This house was built in 1829.
I grant it may be little, but it's mine.
Here, scoffer, I'm at home from day to day;
And that, my friend, is more than you can say.

This, evidently of pedagogic origin, was seen in a country class-room.

THANKS

To thank with a phrase
Is unworthy of praise.
To thank with the heart
Is the better part.
To thank with a fact—
Act.

The light rhymes that follow also suggest the touch of the practiced craftsman. They stand above a student's restaurant in Freiburg.

STUDENT'S CREDO

To have a little and spend it double;
To find that reading is too much trouble;
To reel off ballads, to be pat in
The latest farce, but to fail in Latin;
(Which finds its one and only merit as
The fountain of In Vino Veritas);
To scorn all poems and ancient prosody
Except Horatian Persicos odi;
To buy what never will be paid for;
To know what women's lips are made for;
Never to worry about tomorrow;
Never to own a genuine sorrow;
Never to do a thing that's prudent—
But live and die as becomes a student.

Sophistication is also betrayed in the false naïveté of the following:

FOLK SONG

Cherry's in bud, cherry's in bud.
Evenings I walk alone in the wood.

Cherry's in flower, cherry's in flower.
I stand in the moonlight, hour upon hour.

Cherries are green, cherries are green.
His smile would comfort the heart of a queen.

Cherries are white, cherries are white.
I leave the latch open every night.

Cherries are red, cherries are red.
I wish I were dead.

*

But here we are in the limbo between folk- and art-song. And here, before a volume of poetry ensues, it is best to stop.

Schluss

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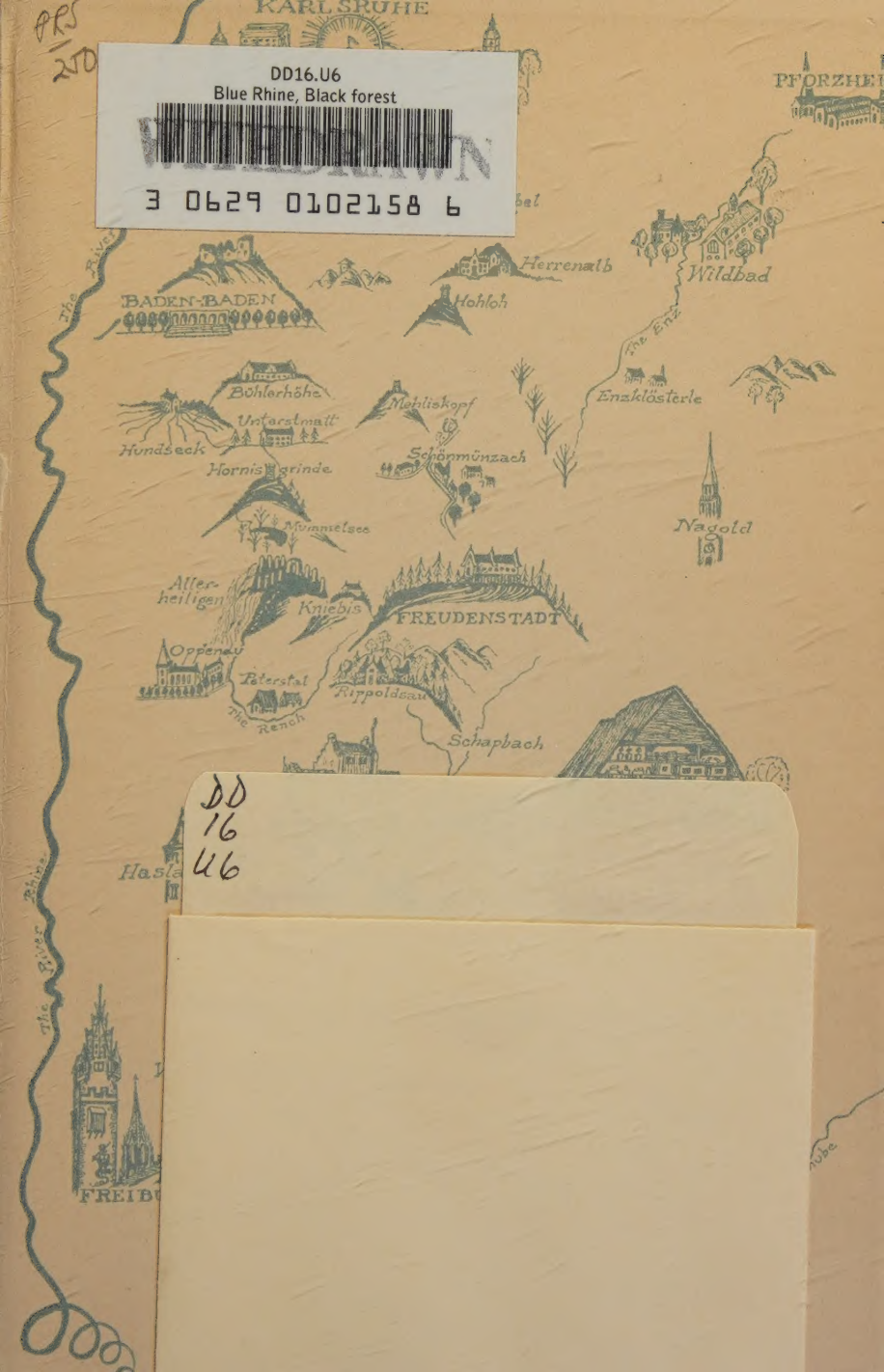

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